

# Zion's Herald.

VOLUME LXVI.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1888.

NUMBER 43.

## Zion's Herald.

PUBLISHED BY THE  
Boston Wesleyan Association,  
36 Bromfield Street, Boston.  
CHARLES PARKHURST, Editor.  
ALONZO S. WEED, Publisher.

All stationed preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their locality.  
Price including postage \$2.50 per year.  
Specimen Copies Free.

### THE OUTLOOK.

The Parnell Commission opens its regular sessions in London on the day that we go to press. For a considerable period its proceedings promise to monopolize public attention. The Times has published its statement of charges. The particulars are arranged under fourteen items, with an appended list of criminals or advocates of treason with whom Irish Nationalists are accused of associating. A careful scrutiny of this document does not produce the impression of a very strong case. It is an indictment of the whole Irish party rather than of Mr. Parnell, and the purpose evidently is to catch some one in the schedule as a sort of compensation in case the leader escapes conviction. There seems to be a studied vagueness in some of the specifications, so that a lurking, latent meaning may be drawn from it if necessary. It is doubtful whether the judges will permit the Times solicitors to cover so much ground. Mr. Parnell will probably demand that the scope of the inquiry be confined to the genuineness or non-genuineness of his alleged letters.

About two years ago, it will be remembered, Rev. James Woodrow, Professor of Natural Science in the Columbia Theological Seminary (Southern Presbyterian), South Carolina, was removed from his office for teaching that the hypothesis of evolution is not inconsistent with the Scriptures. The General Assembly, convened at Baltimore, also condemned Dr. Woodrow's views. A reaction against this decision has been gaining strength, which the Charleston Presbytery has vainly tried to check by a recent resolution forbidding any church member to criticize the action of the General Assembly in the case of Dr. Woodrow. Such an extraordinary procedure, "imposing a restraint upon the right of freedom in the expression of opinion," has been reviewed by the State Synod, now in session at Greenwood, and very properly pronounced unconstitutional, irregular and unwise. The Charleston Presbytery has been summoned to convene at once and correct its irregular proceedings—an order which it may refuse to obey. The Synod has even gone farther than this—it has condemned, by a vote of 73 to 45, the anti-Woodrow action of the faculty and board of directors of the Theological Seminary. The matter will now be referred again to the General Assembly; and the Southern Presbyterians will have reason to congratulate themselves if so bitter a fight can be settled without a split in their body.

Every fresh discovery of the enormous extent and barbarity of the slave trade carried on by the Arabs in Africa, confirms the belief that a crime against humanity has been and is being perpetrated so unparalleled in its cruelty and wickedness as to call for the active interference of every civilized power. A good deal has been done to check the outside traffic by the partition of the east coast among European companies. That coast, ten or fifteen years ago, was the outlet for much of this nefarious trade. Mombasa, which now belongs to the English, exported a thousand slaves a month in 1874, according to a consular statement. A good deal has also been done by an active patrol of that coast by ships of war. The evil, however, still exists, and is more gigantic than ever. Of late, Madagascar has been a favorite island for shipment. Dhows professing to be cattle coasters, and flying the French flag, have smuggled thousands of these hapless wretches across the channel. This single outlet, however, is utterly inadequate for the immense stock of slaves on hand, and, therefore, they are utilized as serfs at home. The Arabs employ them on vast plantations, or let out caravans of them for porters. Powerful chiefs exchange their ivory for them, and set them to enforced labor in the field or in the home. The profits of the trade are enormous; the cruelties are incredible and indescribable; the single element of concubinage, which is promoted especially by the Madagascar trade to meet the demand of British subjects, is demoralizing in the extreme. A hundred skeletons are needed, with a thousand followers for each, to divide the interior of the Dark Continent into sections, and to unite with the work of exploration a crusade of utter extermination of this traffic.

The reassembling of the French Corps Legislatif has, fortunately, not been disturbed by any Boulangerist demonstration. The General was present, but had the good sense to hold his peace. Even his favorite demand for a revision of the constitution was voluntarily brought forward by the government itself, not as a rallying cry for malcontents, but in the shape of a bill well-considered and progressive in its character—not the best and most permanent thing possible perhaps for France, but yet probably the best that will be now accepted. The old constitution of 1875 was the creation of an emergency. Its provisions were necessarily tentative. The country has outgrown it. Premier Floquet is very cautious in his proposed amendments. He would make the cabinet more stable by exempting the ministers from removal during a fixed term, unless dismissed from office by a

formal vote of lack of confidence. He would not abolish the Senate, but he would reduce the senatorial term from nine years to three, and curtail the prerogatives of that body in various ways, such as by substituting for its power of absolute rejection of a bill a "suspensive veto" operative for two years; depriving it of its joint functions with the lower house in financial matters, and of its joint power with the President to dissolve the lower house. The powers of the Chamber, on the other hand, he would greatly increase. Whether the government's proposals be adopted or not, a good deal of praise will be awarded Minister Floquet for his firm repression of the most dangerous elements in the republic, and their demagogic leader, Gen. Boulanger.

It is refreshing to learn from so high an authority as Secretary Whitney, that this country would not, necessarily, be thrashed if our "little unpleasantness" with Canada should develop into hostilities. So feeble and waning, for years, has been our naval strength, that the impression has been prevalent and well-founded that this country could not cope with England on the high seas. Of late, however, our Navy has been replenished with a few swift and modern-built cruisers; several more have been provided for; and Mr. Whitney has been giving the matter of a possible war considerable attention. He does not believe that there will be a war, but he is confident that, in the event of one, we could whip England; and he supports his view by an elaborate review of the various contingencies, and with comparative tables and statements, in an interview reported in the columns of the New York Sun. He is of the opinion that the duel would be a naval one; that operations would be largely confined, on the part of the enemy, to blockading our ports and harbors, most of which are too shallow to be entered by the heavy English ironclads, while they could, in many instances, be successfully defended against attack by smaller ships, by torpedoes, dynamite guns, etc.; and that a dozen vessels of the "Baltimore" type, would be able to destroy more commerce in ninety days than the entire English Navy could reach or destroy upon our coasts. We hope the honorable Secretary's view is well founded; we also hope that no occasion will arise to test it.

The diversion of a considerable part of English and French travel to the Far East from the Suez to the Canadian route, is only a question of time. The British government will grant the liberal subsidy of £15,000 annually, and the Dominion government £15,000, to make the route a success. It will be only a monthly service at first, from Vancouver to Yokohama, Shanghai and Hong Kong, but it will undoubtedly become more frequent when the line is well established. In the Atlantic division, it will be necessary to reach an average speed of eighteen knots in order to compete successfully with the Peninsular and Oriental, and Messageries lines, but that is entirely practicable. American travel to Japan and China will also feel the attraction which swift service and cheap rates offer. Our own Pacific lines will have no fair chance against one so heavily subsidized.

### MINISTERIAL HABITS AND METHODS.

BY REV. E. K. SAWYER, D. D.

A few weeks ago a circular letter was sent to several prominent ministers, containing a request that they would contribute to the columns of ZION'S HERALD such statements as they might be willing to make concerning their personal habits, methods of work, etc., for the benefit of younger preachers. The second article in reply is printed below. —Editor Zion's Herald.

IN complying with the kind request of the HERALD, for some account of my personal habits and methods of work, I must first of all say, that no man's methods can be a model for all others, and I cannot recommend mine as a model for anybody. My habits fit me. I work hard, read widely, have learned to practice a severe economy of time, keep my body in hard physical training, and have constantly the feeling that the best I can do is but a poor offering for the service of the sanctuary. More than many I have devoted myself to literary lines of study, not for literary purposes, but to recreate my mind, quicken my imagination, purify my speech, and increase my knowledge of human nature. My loftiest and my sole ambition is to be a faithful parish minister; and in the depths of my soul I believe that to be an ambition loftier than any other, too lofty for me, if I had not been divinely called to it.

In order to make my communication as frank and unconventional as possible, I will quote the HERALD's questions in the order in which they were given, and in answering them will use the personal pronoun as freely as though I were talking with an intimate personal friend, as indeed I am.

"Hours of study? how many? when? what proportion on sermon?"

In real study I spend about four and one-half hours daily—three and a half in the forenoon, from eight to half past eleven, and one in the afternoon, usually from two to three. About one-half of this time is spent on my sermons. My general reading, such as current literature, scientific works, history, etc., is done mainly at what might be called odd minutes, and is not included in these hours. The hour before dinner is always spent in the open air or in calling on business men and young people at the places where they are employed. When I get an additional hour or two for evening study, it is usually devoted to some mental recreation, such as the reading of a new scientific work, a period of history, a new biography, some phase of the history of civilization, or some question of the day. Now and then I about double my study hours, for a single day at a time, but that is an exceptional necessity. A whole day for study,

a whole day for pastoral work, a whole day for recreation, serves to get one off of the level, which, if too monotonous, becomes a dead-level.

"Hours of pastoral work? Suggestions." My regular hours of pastoral work are from half past three to six in the afternoon. In my present appointment, where the pastoral work is very heavy, I find it necessary to commence an hour earlier two afternoons in the week, and about once a month I virtually give a whole day at a time to it, spending the morning in offices, work-shops and stores, and the afternoon and evening in going from house to house. I see at least once a week, and generally oftener, the young people who are in shops, offices and stores. I endeavor to visit the sick and the afflicted promptly, aged people and chronic invalids often. Most of my calls at places of business are made in the last half hour of the forenoon. In five minutes one can exchange pleasant greetings with half a dozen, if they are at a time to it, and then go to the next place. Sometimes the whole half hour may be spent with one business man, if I find him at leisure. The hour from twelve to one is also partially spent in the streets. I highly value my privilege of personal acquaintance with the children, and seek to become as familiar with them as possible. It is my plan to visit each family in the charge at least twice a year, and to take time enough to become really acquainted.

No mechanical rules can be given for pastoral visitation. One must "be instant in season and out of season." The great thing is, to get into such sympathetic relations with all as to be thought their friend, and to be really both their friend and their minister. The men under one's pastoral care ought to receive at least as much attention as the women. One should be familiar with his people where they work as well as where they live. I find it very helpful to keep in my pocket not only a general visiting list, but also cards containing the names of those who should be especially looked after for one reason or another. These memoranda I change from day to day. I hunt up all the young men I can as soon as I go to a new charge, and enlist their help in finding others.

"Methods of preparation—purely extemporaneous, notes or manuscript?"

My preaching would perhaps be classed under the first of these three heads; that is, I use no notes whatever in the pulpit or on the platform. But I work hard in the preparation of my sermon, though I memorize only a brief outline. When I have wrought out the thought-structure of a sermon, I go over it mentally as though in the presence of the congregation—that is, develop the thought-structure of the sermon. This is done sometimes very slowly, and sometimes with almost the rapidity of a dream, as though the whole sermon were flashed like a picture on the mind. But no effort is made to memorize this word-structure. It is built to test the clearness of my outline, or the force of arguments and illustrations. The language of the pulpit is often the same that is thus mentally developed beforehand, but it comes without conscious effort of recollection. But usually the language actually employed is more vivid and more concise than that of this previous mental creation of the full sermon.

I preach few sermons on which I have not worked for a long time, though the final outline is sometimes rapidly evolved. Sermons that have been once preached are shelved in my memory, and most of them can be taken down at will to be re-fashioned or reproduced, as though they were manuscripts instead of memories.

During the first seven years of my ministry I often carried copious notes into the pulpit. When I dropped the manuscript, I did it suddenly, and so completely that I have never used the smallest scrap of paper in the pulpit since. It was at the commencement of the first of my pastorates in Providence, R. I. My final sermon in my previous charge—the Beacon St. Church, Bath, Maine—was read from a manuscript, which I still possess and preserve as a monument. For the first five months thereafter I mainly preached memoriter. Then gradually developed the freer and more vital method which I have since pursued, and which I have described above. I study my illustrations carefully, and search for material wherever I go. Of course I rely on my reading also for fresh illustrations, but I would rather use one illustration from the life of to-day than ten from the life of the Bible. I think it well to leave the names of classic gods and heroes and modern scientists out of my pulpit speech. They have no spell to charm the ears of simple Christians, or even cultured ones. Therefore, as Dante says of the catfist souls in limbo, "Non ragionate di lor"—"Let us not talk of them." When Tyndal describes the movement of a glacier, or the treacherous nature of the Alpine snow-fields, or the power of the sun, or the scientific use of the imagination, he supplies one with illustrations for which I am grateful; but it is not worth while to mention the azure mist of his doubts while proclaiming the sunshine of the Gospel.

In my pocket I carry a little note-book, in which I write hasty sketches of incidents that I witness, or descriptions, which I try to make as accurate as possible, of natural scenes and phenomena. I am greatly helped in my preparation for preaching by the results of several years' careful study of certain of the books of the New Testament. I worked for years in the Epistles to the Hebrews, and can easily quote from a verse to a chapter of it. The Epistles to the Philippians and the Colossians have been worked through again and again in the same way. I have memorized much of the Psalms, Isaiah, and the Apocalypse. My knowledge of Greek is very superficial; but I prefer commentaries based on the Greek text, and can follow the elucidations of Lightfoot or Westcott with interest, delight and profit.

"Whether you emphasize pulpit or pastoral work, and why?"

I put the emphasis on pulpit work, for these reasons:—

1. We are called to preach the Gospel. The emphasis in the New Testament is on preaching, or proclamation, implying public address.

2. Being of an active bodily habit and fairly sympathetic in temperament, I can do more than an average amount of pastoral work without great effort; but for the work of preaching I have to be constantly training my faculties and increasing my resources. I can comparatively easily make many calls and become familiar with old and young; but to preach even so far below my ideal of preaching as I do, I have to study hard, observe very closely, and pray without ceasing.

3. The great want of this age is the truth of the Gospel, uttered by the voice of the living preacher. No other agency has ever produced such powerful effects as the pulpit; no other ever will.

4. Much of the visiting and personal work now done by the preacher should be done by the people. Many feeble saints would not need to be coddled so much, if they were to bestir themselves to comfort and Christianize others.

"Whether you prefer prayer-meeting or preaching on Sunday evening, and why?"

Cannot give a general answer to this question. Am sure that it would not have been well to dispense with evening preaching in any of my recent appointments. We have a large young people's prayer-meeting before the evening service.

"Personal recreations—what kind?"

For mental recreation I read history, works on science and art, the best biographies, the masterpieces among books of travel, the works of Thoreau and John Ruskin, the novels of Scott, Dickens, Victor Hugo, Hawthorne, George Eliot and George MacDonald, and such poetry as I prefer. Shakespeare and Dante are constant companions both in my hours of study and hours of recreation. When stupid and weary I have often both stimulated and refreshed myself by copying one or two of Shakespeare's sonnets, or a grand passage from one of his dramas, or a page and sometimes a canto of Dante's *Divina Commedia* in the original. The mystic music of the mighty Italian has sung itself into my very blood. Howells and Henry James I read as I do the daily papers. George W. Cable and Miss Murfree afford me recreation. The spiritual romances of J. H. Stouthouse are a tonic for both the mind and the heart, fountains of pure and lofty thought from which I love to drink. Most novels and the average poetry are excellent soporifics. Robert Burns has sung to me from my childhood, and my delight in his verse has increased with the flight of years. I value Tenneyson, Browning and Wordsworth in the order in which I have named them. Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier and Holmes are as dear to me as the memories of my boyhood. I have an idea which of them is the greatest, but could not say which I like the best. I have enjoyed making myself familiar with a few modern languages, and always with a few French, German or Italian book at hand. The most charming of the few great novels of the world is Manzoni's "I Promessi Sposi." I read the pictures in *Harper's*, the *Century* and *Scribner's*, and have plunged into the surf of the *Atlantic* every month of its life, which has been two-thirds of my own. I obtain much intellectual recreation in factories, machine-shops, art galleries, and the studios of architects and artists.

Walking is my principal resource for outdoor recreation. For three years, in Bath, Maine, I kept a light boat and used it daily. But I have not since been able to maintain such a luxury. I have not time to properly exercise a horse, even if I could afford the expense. Walking costs one nothing, leads one into closest intimacy with nature and with man, and is a constant delight. A long tramp in any kind of weather enriches every part of my being. I am passionately fond of the woods, the mountains and the sea, and seek quiet wild places during my brief vacations. I have never shot anything, and do but little fishing, though fond of troutling. I like all out-doors for its own sake—would rather follow a forest trail than a stream, and climb a mountain whenever I can. In the heart of Berkshire I have abundant opportunity for mountain walks. There is only one greater out-door pleasure that I can have, and that is now rarely within my reach; it is, to sail a small boat along the most beautiful coast in the world, that of Maine.

Pittsfield, Mass.

### WORLDLY WEALTH AND SPIRITUAL POVERTY.

BY MRS. MARY C. ROBINSON.

IN nearly every church communion exists an element of worldliness—a class of persons semi-Christian, semi-worldling; spiritual kinsmen of Pilate, who care not to put an injury upon the Christ, and also desire to be at one with the people, the secular throng about them; of Felix, who was interested in the words of Paul, and wished at the same time to please Paul's enemies. From the beginning, such persons, by plausible exterior and fluent phrases, have insinuated themselves among the society of the elect, have marred the symmetry of Christ's Church, and have sensibly impeded the advancement of His Gospel. The spirit of worldliness is the direct enemy of heavenly-mindedness. "Worldliness, even more than sin, is decisive of a man's spiritual state," wrote Frederick Robertson. "Sin may be sudden, the result of temptation; but worldliness is repudiated, abandoned. But if a man be at home in the world's pursuits and pleasures, fully content with these things, happy if they could but fill and last through his life-time, is not his state, character and

genealogy clearly stamped? . . . Therefore does Saint John draw this distinction: 'If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father'; but, 'If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.'"

This defect is a common one with the rich, although it is far from being exclusive with them. The art of money-getting induces the affection of money-loving to that degree that only a soul thoroughly trained in spiritual knowledge, only a vigilant conscience, a strong faith, can hope to escape this snare. The cautions of the New Testament against the illusions, the inducements of wealth, are grounded in that knowledge of human nature in all ages, possessed by the writers of the sacred books. Wesley averred in middle life that he had known of but four men whose religious experience had not suffered by an amassing of great wealth. Later on he withdrew the exception, and said he had never known any who had not so suffered by such material prosperity. The number of indubitable Christians, earnest, active disciples, among the wealthy class, at present, pre-eminently in the American Church, is an evidence of the advancement of Christianity; an evidence so decisive that we may well give thanks, with Lady Huntingdon, that "not all rich persons are excluded from the kingdom." At the same time the neutralizing, paralyzing effect of the worldly, the sordid, upon church communities demands some continual repetition of warning like that of the *memento mori* of the Trappists; or the words of Jesus: "How hardly—with what difficulty—shall they that have riches enter the kingdom of heaven;" or those of James against a life of sordid self-deception: "The canker of their silver and gold shall eat their flesh as it were fire."

We could name a society virtually controlled by the secular element within it; a society strong in wealth and in general, material prosperity. It consists of a collection of reputable families practicing stated Sabbath observances. It has been established some thirty years in a town numbering a thousand inhabitants, of whom fifty per cent. are non-church attendants, and are largely heathen. But toward this outlying element it manifests no aggressive, no sympathetic spirit; for it is neither a heaven nor a diffusive light in the community in which it is set. It is a Methodist society; but it answers not to Dean Milman's characterization of Methodism: "The spoon where-with God stirs up the other churches." It practices no system of Christian visiting, has no power of godliness, but remains, year in and out, a corporation contented with a given amount of passively pious respectability. It has a name to live, but its vigor is repressed by the mummy swathings, wherewith it has enwrapped itself—the luxurious swathings of wealth, worldliness, and indifference. It is a corporation to keep aloof from; for they who become one with it sink into a spiritual apathy from which they never arouse.

One of the most effective of our religious teachers has described a church as a society which should afford "a place for every one who is ready to work in the service of humanity. The enthusiasm should not be suffered to decline in any soul for want of the occupation best calculated to keep it alive. Those who meet within the church walls on Sunday, should meet as co-operators in a public work, the object of which all understand, and to his own department of which each person habitually applies himself and his contriving power. Thus meeting, with the spirit of the whole strong among them, and with a clear perception of the purpose of their union and their meeting, the exhortation of the preacher would become weighty with business, and impressive as an officer's address to his troops before a battle. For it would be addressed by a soldier to soldiers in the face of an enemy with whom they had given and had received telling blows. It would be addressed to an ardent and hopeful association who had united for the purpose of contending within a given district against distress and disease; of diminishing by every contrivance of kindly sympathy the imperfections of the poor and of the rich; for the purpose of securing to all that degree of happiness which affords leisure for virtue, and that moderate occupation which removes the temptations of vice; for the purpose of providing an ample and wise education for the young; lastly, for the purpose of handing forward the history of Christ's life, death and resurrection, maintaining the enthusiasm of humanity in all the baptized, and preserving, in opposition to all temptations to superstition or fanaticism, the filial freedom of their worship of God."

At the stated assemblies of a native church in Japan, each member reports his weekly record of work done for the Master—words spoken in season to them who are without; reviving met with meekness; self-denial for the welfare of others, and the like. "What are you doing on the field?" is the question invariably put to them by their leader. So engaged is each member of this society with the business in hand, that he has small temptation to undue introspection; nor is he concerned as to the condition of his feelings, for these are kept vigorous by sanative exertion, and spiritual by spiritual activity. He is in no great danger of departure from the principles of belief; for he that does the will of Christ is enlightened concerning His doctrine. Is it possible that a salutary discomfort could be stirred up in certain of our wealthy, worldly-minded societies, by such a weekly summons to each member—the question direct of the Japanese leader?

What Christ's life is, what His commands are, and what His judgment will be, not what He once did, nor what He once suffered, but what He is now doing and what He requires us to do; that is the pure, joyful, beautiful lesson of Christianity; and the fall from that faith, and all the corruptions of its abortive practice, may be summed up briefly as the habitual contemplation of Christ's death in-

stead of His life, and the substitution of His past suffering for our present duty.—John Ruskin.

### CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE.

THE Rock River Conference held its annual session in the Western Avenue Church from October 3 to October 9. Bishop Walden presided, and was assisted by Bishops Merrill and Goodsell. The Conference was for the most part quiet, and the storm of debate swept over the assembly but once or twice. The first ripple of excitement was caused by a resolution offered by Presiding Elder Curtis, which reads as follows:—

WHEREAS, the practice of transferring men from other Conferences into the leading appointments of our Conference without corresponding transfers out of our Conference, is working manifest injustice and injury; therefore,

Resolved, 1. That we, the Rock River Conference, request our bishops to make no transfers to this Conference, except upon a written request of a majority of the presiding elders, or a vote of the Conference.

2. That our secretary send a certified copy of this action to each of our bishops.

This clean cut, positive resolution brought out a good deal of impromptu oratory, and created no little discussion; yet it was carried by a large majority. Dr. J. O. Peck of the Missionary Society, Dr. C. H. Payne of the Education Society, and Dr. H. H. Superintendent of the work in Utah, captured the Conference by their eloquent appeals. Bishop Taylor, the St. Paul of the nineteenth century, spent an afternoon with the Conference, and presented the needs of the missionary work in Africa. The report of the committee on temperance, which it was thought would get the brethren "all in a snarl," was an agreeable disappointment. One of Chicago's dailies says: "There is nothing in the report that would give color to the inference that the Conference favors third-party prohibition. Every paragraph breathes a spirit of toleration." The Conference is not a whit less earnest in its conviction that the drink traffic must go; but takes the broad ground of thousands all over the land that the war against such evils should be waged by every one who believes in temperance, purity, honesty, decency, and all those things that make for righteousness and that build up a nation on strong foundations. The Conference wisely refused to commit itself to anything of a partisan character, as did Detroit Conference some weeks ago. The report caused but little discussion, and was adopted by an almost unanimous consent.

Chaplain McCabe was with us, and enthused the people for the mission cause, while Dr. Spencer was present and spoke for Church Extension. Dr. Vernon addressed the Conference on the work of the church in Italy. As to the appointments, it may be of interest to state that Dr. Kimball returns to South Park Avenue, Dr. Bolton to Clark Street; Dr. Jones to Evanston; and Dr. Bristol is assigned to Trinity, which charge he served three years ago. Dr. Marsh took leave of his brethren, and will soon enter upon the discharge of his duties as president of Mount Union College, Alliance, Ohio. Eleven young men were admitted into the Conference on probation. Five men were received by transfer. Of these Robert McIntyre succeeds Dr. Bristol at Grace Church, and O. A. Curtis follows Dr. Patten at Englewood. The general reports show the Conference to be in an excellent condition. The collections are all up to and in some cases beyond the line. The spiritual interests are in a flourishing condition. Revivals were reported from almost every charge, and it seemed as if every preacher had become a Finney or a Moody. While it was gratifying to have the Bishop say the Rock River Conference stands in the front rank in its collections for worn-out preachers, it was quite as gratifying to learn that in the Chicago District alone \$432,000 had been expended during the year in the building of new churches and in repaying old ones.

At a recent meeting of the Methodist preachers, the subject of the proposed Methodist Hospital was introduced, and the following minute was adopted:—

WHEREAS, at a meeting held in the Sherman House in this city, September 8, steps were taken toward the founding of a hospital to be under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Chicago and Cook County, therefore,

Resolved, by the Chicago Preachers' Meeting, that we hereby endorse this important enterprise, and pledge to it our cordial co-operation and practical aid in carrying it successfully forward.

The board of management of the Chicago Training School have set apart five rooms in their building for the purposes of the projected hospital. The enterprise has many influential men and women back of it, and practical work in its behalf will soon be inaugurated. Chicago has not too many hospitals, and there is no valid reason why the Methodists should not have a large hospital in successful operation within the next two years.

The Young People's Methodist Alliance recently held a national convention in this city. Delegates were present from many States and from Canada. The topics discussed were of vital interest, and were handled by able men and women. The Young People's Methodist Alliance is a young but vigorous organization, compactly formed, and adapted to the needs of the age. It is a rapidly spreading movement, enlisting the sympathies and activities of the young people of Methodism. The Alliance originated among a score of devout young people at Des Moines camp meeting about five years ago, and its propagation has been remarkable for rapidity and steadiness. This child of our church, born amid the shouts of victory and the exultations of gladdened hearts and the tears of penitent and pardoned souls, has come to stay, and branches of the Alliance are being formed in many of our churches in the West. There is some objection to the multiplication of societies, as too great diversity brings dissipation of energies.

(Continued on Page 8.)



## Miscellaneous.

## LET US HAVE THE TRUTH!

BY MISS S. L. BALDWIN.

IN a special despatch to the Boston Journal by correspondent "Webb" from Washington, Sept. 13, we are informed that Mr. Jones of Nevada, speaking "from personal experience and from the heart of the evils which Chinese immigration has inflicted upon the Pacific Coast, made one point in his argument which has not been put so clearly before the Senate before. That is, that there are no Chinese immigrants in California who are not contract laborers and under the strict, absolute and autocratic control of the 'six Companies.'" I fearlessly declare this statement to be false in every particular.

In common justice to a bitterly wronged people, I submit the following statement to the public, and am prepared to prove it; and I speak from a "personal experience" (not like that of Mr. Jones) of nearly twenty years' residence in China—a knowledge of whence and how they come, and with an understanding, also, of the state of things on the Pacific Coast.

The "exclusion bill"—an insult to God and man—is illegally passed, there not being a quorum when the vote was taken in the House of Representatives; but although this vexed question is supposed to be settled, it is well for the great American people, who step down and out so cheerfully before the immigrant from across the Atlantic, to understand upon what sort of argument an "exclusion bill" is passed on a people who aim neither to seize the American's place or government. The "six Chinese Companies" of San Francisco have absolutely nothing to do with immigration, and the man who says they do, only exhibits his ignorance of Chinese customs and the history of said companies. Long before Chinese ever came to this inhospitable land, there were such companies or guilds in China, and they are common there to-day. If Chinese go in any numbers from their native province to another province (province answering to a State), they form a "guild" for mutual helplessness. The Canton men in our city of Foo Chow had a Canton guild with president, secretary, etc. Amoy and Shanghai men ditto. These guilds often build their own temples at these places of business residence. The Canton temple at Foo Chow cost over \$100,000, and is very beautiful with its lacquered ceilings, elegant carvings, and decorated satin scrolls, beautiful gardens, fish ponds and rockeries, while the carved stone pillars of the Ningpo temple are famous. Membership in and withdrawal from these guilds are as voluntary as into the Young Men's Christian Association, or any similar organization of this land. If any member is taken ill, he is cared for with medicine, etc., and if he dies, a coffin is provided and he is sent to his friends. These guilds are simply benevolent or helpful societies, and highly to be commended, and in no way connected with the "high binders," who like unto dynamite, socialists, and many other evil men from across the Atlantic, we can well pass through a greatly-needed "exclusion bill."

And now let me tell the public just what the "six Companies" of San Francisco are; and I here specially invite the close attention of Mr. Jones and all others who just accept all the infamous lies told in Congress and newspapers to further this most wicked presidential campaign against a helpless people. As yet it is not deemed clear which eager party, Republican or Democrat, shall secure the Pacific Coast vote, but of one thing I am certain—that each man who has had a hand in this great wrong, has voted himself out of that eternal kingdom where truth alone can enter, and anti-Chinese insult not the face of that Creator who has no exclusion act for the Chinese portion of His creation! The 80,000 Chinese in this country (they have never numbered over 150,000) who so terrorize 60,000,000 so-called Americans, come, almost to the last man, from the Canton Province and from six districts, or counties, of that one province. The Chinese have a great dread of leaving their own country, and rarely do so save from this one province. I mention this little fact to just relieve our anxiety as to that terrible "Chinese flood," so long prophesied as in danger of pouring into the "pure waters of our civilization!" The "six Chinese Companies" represent the six districts of the Canton Province from which the Chinese come, sailing from the English port of Hong Kong. Each company is a duplicate of such guilds as I have described as existing in China to-day, and for exactly the same purposes; and very greatly needed they are here, where lies, abuse, assault and murder await them, supported by executive authority in the infamous discriminating laws, which alone make such persecution possible. Each of these "six Companies" has its president and secretary, chosen by its members who are merchants of reputable standing. When a Pacific mail steamer arrives from China, the secretary of each company goes aboard, and receives the names of any one from his district who desires to join the company. There is absolutely no compulsion, but every one is glad to join the guild which represents his district, for the sake of the good-fellowship, kindness and help it will give him in a strange land and among those who, he must learn only too soon, are his bitter enemies, notwithstanding it is the land of the Bible and Christianity, which teach hospitality and brotherly love to the "stranger within our gates." The fees paid to the company by a member for the whole time of membership, are not more than \$5, or less than \$2. When out of work or ill, the company cares for him; if he dies, the company will provide his coffin and send his body back to China, thus meeting the desire, common to humanity, to rest finally with its very own. English and Americans in China have the same wish, and, if possible, gratify it. When we laid our little girl in our mission cemetery in Foo Chow, it was with the hope of bringing her to our native land; and never did I abandon that hope until we had to put another little grave beside hers.

I now defy Mr. Jones, or any of his Republican or Democratic followers, to prove that the "six Companies," singly or unitedly, have ever imported a single Chinese for any sort of service, or have ever assisted in any other way a single Chinaman or woman into this country. When any one of these well-informed (?) gentlemen has proven any such act, I will give him the address of a gentleman who will hand him \$1,000, which said

gentleman has offered for several years to any one who will prove that the "six Companies" have imported a human being into this country from China. I would suggest a speedy action in the matter, as the \$1,000 would be so very useful in this presidential campaign!

New York City.

## BULL RUN.

A Quarter of a Century Later.

BY REV. T. CORWIN WATKINS.

## II.

WHILE my friend tarried at Columbus to attend the meetings of the National Association of the Signal Service veterans, of which he is the secretary, I made a flying visit to the home of my parents in Fairfield, Illinois. Missing connections at Cincinnati, and being obliged to wait over half a day, I improved the time by calling upon Dr. Goode, a brother-in-law of Dr. S. F. Upham, a prominent Methodist layman, and an eminent physician in that city, at whose elegant home I had before been entertained. As an example of Western Christian hospitality, I will tell you how I was received. Taking my hand in both of his and looking into my face, the Doctor said: "What is the matter with you—you don't look well?" I told him I had waited all night in Columbus for a train; and, there not being room in that city that night for one to sit down, to say nothing about lying down, I had not slept at all during the night. "Oh, well, then," said the Doctor, "you don't want to visit, you want to sleep. Go right upstairs and take a bath, and then go up to the third story, where you will be undisturbed, and go to bed and sleep till you are called for tea." I told him that I must return at once down town and secure my sleeping-car ticket while it could be had. Having been assured that this would be attended to, without further thought on my part, I followed the advice given, and, after three hours' of refreshing sleep, a pleasant social tea, and a most delightful season of prayer with that beautiful family, I was driven to the station in the Doctor's private carriage, and was soon on the "home stretch" of my journey, a happier and better man because of this Western, cultured, Christian hospitality.

In the great agricultural States of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois the crops are abundant this year; so that the people are in just the proper mood to enjoy a presidential campaign. At a recent Republican rally in Fairfield, a town of about 5,000 inhabitants, there were 20,000 people in attendance and the procession was five miles long. My father, who voted for William Henry Harrison, is now very proud to tell how his father fought with Harrison in the war of 1812. For some reason my grandfather was one of the General's favorites; and that distinguished individual always called him by his pet name, "Tommy." One day, as my father relates, grandfather was on guard in the midst of a storm, when the rain and sleet were falling with such a slant as to make a stationary object seem to be moving. Seeing what he supposed to be a man approaching, he called to him to halt, but no heed being given to the command, he "blazed away," and advancing found that he had hit a tall stump instead of a man. Having been placed under arrest for firing without a cause, he managed some way to get word to the General. Upon learning of his predicament, "Old Tippecanoe" rode around to the scene of the alleged offense, and, dismounting, placed one hand on the spot where the bullet entered, and, with the other, reached down to the ground as if to measure the distance. Then returning to the company, he said: "Well, Tommy, seeing that you put it in at about the right place, I reckon we shall have to forgive you."

Having spent just twenty-six hours— heavenly hours—with the loved ones at home, I returned to Columbus, where I met my friend, and together we started for "Old Virginia." We had expected to reach Manassas on Saturday evening; but a failure to make connections at Pittsburg, and another delay on account of an accident, made it Sunday noon before we reached our destination. When we stepped off the train, we asked a gentleman if he could tell us where Mr. Geo. Round lived. He answered that he could; but he said there was a "big meetin'" over at the Methodist church and we probably would find Mr. Round there. Leaving our baggage in the waiting-room of the depot, we proceeded to the church. As we drew near I observed that the church had a new roof and that it had been newly painted; and through the open window I saw a young man walking down the aisle with a piece of paper in his hand. I took in the situation at once; and turning to my friend, I said: "Marcy, they are raising money to pay for these improvements!" As quick as a flash he wheeled around and said: "Watkins, I don't think it is safe to leave that baggage alone in that depot."

At the close of the service we met our genial New England brother and his delightful wife, and were conducted to their home, a grand old Virginia plantation which is now carried on according to New England ideas. In front of this residence lie the fertile fields, broken here and there by strips of dense woods, over which were fought the battles of Bull Run; while away in the blue distance is almost a complete circle of mountains. Almost directly in front and half a mile distant, is the old brick house in which Beauregard had his headquarters previous to the engagement. During the engagement he had his headquarters at the front in his saddle. Mr. Round is a lawyer, a graduate of Wesleyan University, and a brother of Rev. J. Emory Round. He moved to Manassas soon after the close of the war, and has become thoroughly identified with the "New South." He has twice been a member of the Virginia Legislature; and when we were there his name was mentioned among the possible candidates for Congress. That he has suffered persecution, sometimes almost to the extent of violence, goes without saying. Soon after our arrival in the village, Bro. Marcy said to an intelligent-looking bystander: "Your village shows signs of enterprise unusual in this section." "Yes, sir," said he, "and I reckon we are indebted to Mr. Round for most of it. We were all bitterly opposed to him and his methods at first, but now as we look at these broad streets bordered by shade trees, and as we walk along comfortably on these stone

side-walks instead of wading through Virginia mud, we see that he was right and we were wrong; and we thank God for 'Boss Round' as Washington now thanks the Lord for 'Boss Shepherd' whom it once hated."

On Monday morning, after half an hour spent on the front piazza with Brother Round and a war map, getting a general idea of the battlefield, we stepped into a comfortable carriage behind two well fed, spirited horses, and, being provided with a bountiful lunch and other necessary equipments, we were off for the scene of action, where, with our host for our guide and lecturer, we were to spend the day in sight-seeing and in the study of those ever-to-be-remembered fields where the rebels gained their first great victory, and where, owing to some yet mysterious cause, our magnificent army suffered an ignominious defeat—a defeat which proved to be worth more to the country than a well-defined victory.

The first point of interest on this battlefield—to me at least—was a farm once owned by a man named McClean, and which, as a result of the battle, was left in utter ruin, except the land. Being a despondent sort of a fellow, he deserted the farm and moved to the neighborhood of Appomattox. During the subsequent years of the war he accumulated some property and was once more settled in a comfortable home. But the end was not yet, although his home was the scene of the "end;" for it was in his house that Grant and Lee met to arrange the terms of the surrender of the Confederate Army. While this historic event was being enacted, one of Grant's staff officers went down to the barn and found McClean sitting on the fence crying like a baby. In answer to the officer's inquiries he said that the army had destroyed his home at Manassas, and now he was again to be stripped of everything. "Nonsense," said the officer, "this event will make you immortal. Every article in your home and every board in your house will be worth gold. I will give you fifty dollars for the table on which Grant and Lee are now writing." But the man seemed to have a mortal dread of Grant, believing him to be a blood-thirsty despot, bedecked with military trappings. The officer invited him to come up to the house, which he did reluctantly. On the way up they saw a Union soldier standing by the well-curb. He wore a slouch hat, a blue blouse with one row of buttons, and his pantaloons were tucked inside of his cowhide boots. He was stooping over with his arms around McClean's little girl. As they came up he was just saying that he had a dear little girl at home and she had a kitten and a doll. "That," said the officer to McClean, "is Gen. Grant"—pointing to the soldier at the well. This wrought a revolution in McClean's ideas.

He afterwards realized quite a little fortune from the sale of relics, and then moved back to Manassas. His connection with this event made him quite a noted character, so that he was appointed and announced to preside at a political convention. Knowing that a speech would be expected, and knowing that it was impossible for him to make one, he went to Mr. Round and asked him to write one for him, which he did; and McClean read the speech the next day from Round's own manuscript. The speech, which was a good one, was published in all the papers, and coming to the notice of President Grant, he was so pleased with it that he appointed McClean to a government office.

But what has all this to do with Bull Run? Well, nothing; only this, that I can't get away from my habit of telling stories. Proceeding along the Sudley road, we presently came to a clump of woods where the older trees gave unmistakable evidence of the terrible conflict that had raged around them. A quarter of a century had not sufficed for nature to heal up the wounds that war had made. In some places the sap had run together and left only an indentation, while in others there was a deep hole, partially filled with rotten wood, looking into which one could almost see the entombed cannon-ball or broken shell. One old veteran post-oak was literally covered with scars, and yet it lived to help tell the story to future generations. Turning into a by-way leading through this strip of woods, we soon came to the "Shinn Farm"—an old Southern plantation, first settled by King Carter, at one time president of the Virginia colony, and an ancestor of the Shinn family. The house has the large hall so common in Southern houses, on the walls of which still hang saddles and guns and whips. When Longstreet made his famous charge, this house was between the lines of the contending armies. Rev. J. S. Insip, who was a chaplain in the army, coming upon the scene of action when the battle was raging the fiercest, found nearly the whole of his regiment taking refuge behind this house. He at once began to employ the methods which we have seen him use so successfully at his national camp-meetings after some doctor of divinity had preached a long, dry sermon, and failure seemed inevitable to every one else save Bro. Insip. Rushing up in front of the shivering soldiers, he rebuked them, he shamed them, and then, jumping up and down in his own limitless way, began to exhort them with all the intensity of his burning soul. The effect was marvelous. The regiment rushed out from their place of shelter and engaged in action, advancing toward the enemy. The effect upon the whole line was magnetic. A counter charge was made, and the Confederates were compelled to retreat. This farm of five hundred acres is now owned by Rev. Andrew Cather, of the Baltimore Conference. His wife and daughter and two sons live there, and the sons run the farm. Bro. Cather was at home when we called, and gave us a genuine Southern welcome to the old mansion.

There is a great contrast between the scenes a quarter of a century ago and those which greeted our eyes. Yonder to the north a few hundred yards, on Bald Mount, where the dead once lay in heaps, now the cattle are grazing. Down the hill to the east a few steps, where, behind those old breast-works, once were heard the groans of wounded men, now are seen sleek horses feeding, while the colts are frisking amid the wild flowers on the banks of a little stream that flows from a spring up by the roadside. To the south and west, instead of long ranks of men bearing arms, we see long rows of corn bearing golden grain; and down yonder in that dense woods where the Union reserves were hidden, the song of birds makes the air vocal with music.

Returning to the Sudley road, we soon came to a hill, on the southwest side of which stands a house which was occupied at the time of the battle by Mrs. Judith Henry, and on the northeast side of which is what is called the Robinson house. Between these two houses is where the battle raged the fiercest. Twice the Union forces captured the hill, and twice they were driven back by the rebels—the last repulse resulting in that fearful stampede which has so often been described in history. It was here where General Beauregard took the field in person and tried to rally Gen. Bee's disheartened troops and restore order to his ranks. It was here where Gen. Bee, looking down toward the edge of the woods where the ranks of Gen. Jackson's brigade were standing like adamant, and effectually stopping the further retreat of the stampeding troops, said: "Look at Jackson's brigade! It stands there like a wall; and that is what gave him his future name, 'Stonewall Jackson.'" Down in the house on the hillside the old lady Henry was sick. They carried her to a ravine near by for safety. But the battle soon began to rage around her, and they bore her back to the house; but before reaching it she received five wounds from pieces of shells, from which she died in two hours. Can it be possible that these terrible events took place on this quiet spot? Can it be possible that here, where these men are sowing wheat, bullets fell more numerous than the rich grains that are now falling? Can it be possible that where we now see the shocks of ripened corn, dead fathers and brothers, husbands and lovers, once lay in heaps? Yes, it is so, for yonder plow still turns up the cold lead and its share grates upon the rusty steel of a broken bayonet, or thrusts its point into a yet undecayed canteen or cartridge-box, while just on the other side of the hill is a single monument that tells the whole sad story.

One cannot traverse these once bloody fields where all day long principles contended in the air and where the rank and file of the great Union army for fourteen hours again and again gave exhibitions of unequalled valor, without wondering how such an ignominious defeat could ever be precipitated upon such a vast army. And then, one cannot read of Beauregard in the thick of the fight speaking words of encouragement to the officers and words of exhortation to the soldiers; or of Joe Johnson in the front of the fray; or of Jackson riding up and down the lines steadying the ranks and keeping them solid—I say, one cannot read these things without wondering where some of the leaders of the Union forces were at that time; and one cannot help feeling that the Union soldiers were justified in their oft-repeated inquiry that day: "Where are our officers?"

## FOR THE STILL HOUR.

## Temptation.

## Its Nature.

The root idea in temptation is trial. The trial may have a good or bad aim. In the former case, it is a test, a means of showing the real character of the person under pressure. God tempted Abraham and Job. The latter into which they came brought to the surface the latent qualities of their nature, their sincerity, faith, and spirit of obedience. By the use of reagents, the chemist tries the metals in his laboratory, separating the precious from the vile. The word, in its more common acceptance, implies allurements to evil. The end of the tempter is not, as in the former case, to prove in order to approve, but to lure to forbidden ground. The aim is malign and satanic; the allurements means destruction. In the former sense God may tempt; in the latter He can tempt no man.

## Its Source.

The grand source of evil to man is outside himself. Temptation is an extra-mundane influence, a dash of the serpent's venom, an electric flash from the sulphurous regions which often sets the powder-house of his frail nature aflame, or blows it into fragments. The enemy outside finds a convenient and suitable media in the corruptions and infirmities of man's nature. "The agent of evil," as South says, "necessarily blows up the fire within us; exasperating, stirring up and drawing forth this active quality in the several mischievous actions thereof; and this evil spirit withal, of such force, such sagacity and such unspokeable vigilance, for the compassing of man's destruction, as far surpasses all that men themselves can be brought to do, even for their own salvation."

## The Gates of Death.

The human soul is a walled city, having several gates which often stand ajar, and have not seldom been opened by traitor hands for the admission of the arch enemy and his associates. In strength, beauty and accessibility, these gates differ widely from each other. Without attempting any description, we venture to name two or three of the more conspicuous and better known.

1. The gate of sense, in the lower part of the city, is curiously made in five sections. Each section is a miniature gate. The five have an outlook on different aspects of the world. Ear-gate, eye-gate, mouth-gate, nose-gate and foot-gate are the quaint yet familiar names given by Bunyan, who, in "The Holy War," makes sense not only the primal but the chief point of satanic attack. In this way, no doubt, he expressed his sense of the importance of this gate, as at once most accessible to the enemy and most perilous to the soul. The gate of sense once carried, the city is lost. In the senses the enemy approaches where man lives—comes, as it were, into his daily work-shop, and finds him with his apron and sleeves rolled up, hard at it. In Bunyan's allegory, man's sense is laid on the sense of hearing. Diabolus makes ear-gate the main objective of his attack. To that point, "he came up with his train and laid his ambushes for Captain Resistance within bowshot of the town;" then he reared his works and mounted his guns; from the artificial elevation, occupied by his archers, slingers and spearmen, he called for "an audience" with Lord Mayor Understanding and Mr. Recorder Conscience, who were at not a little disadvantage at this place of conference.

2. The gate of imagination, occupying the highest place in the wall, is curiously carved, gilded and otherwise ornamented with marvelous devices, the like of which are never seen by mortal men. Built for the entrance of angels, patterned after the New Jerusalem, strange apparitions from the regions below yet sometimes enter, with their defilement, this portal of glory; for the reason that this

gate is usually less carefully guarded than the gate of sense. From the sense of security, arising from the attractions of the place, the porter often allows himself to fall asleep in broad daylight.

3. The gate of reason, once bright and glorious, in the similitude of God, has been darkened by Diabolus, who has built "a high and strong tower, just behind the sun's reflections and the windows of my lord's palace; by which means his house and all, and the whole of his habitation, was made as dark as darkness itself; and thus being alienated from the light, he became as one that was born blind."

4. The gate of conscience, strongly built and long thought impregnable, opens to the citadel. The carrying of this gate completes the capture of the city. The keeper is Mr. Recorder, an excellent and gentlemanly man, "well-read in the laws of the king, and also a man of faithfulness and courage to speak truth at every occasion; and he has a tongue as bravely hung as he has a head filled with judgment." He was a terror to Diabolus, who well knew the city could never be taken until the old keeper swerved from duty. How he was "debauched and by little and little drawn into sin and wickedness," is a story too long here to relate.

## The Devil's Stairs.

No man is ruined by the first attack of the enemy. Sin is progressive, a downward and fatal tendency, insured by successive and well-laid temptations. The grand stairway down which Satan has dragged myriads of souls, has five well-walked steps, besides several treacherous slides between them. The general description of the descent is given by St. James: "Every man is tempted when he is drawn away by his own lust and enticed. Then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin; and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death." In this description one may detect five distinct steps:—

1. Seduction, "the first invading step of temptation," the drawing the person aside from the path of duty, the giving the ear to temptation. It is a slight step, as it were, a momentary defection, without any purpose to advance further along the dangerous descent. But on the slippery way, it is not easy to stop; the first step makes a second necessary. The devil "has seized the man's thoughts and actually drawn him off from duty, by diverting the intention of his mind to something else; much like the unbending of a bow, which though it does not spoil it, yet for the present renders it unserviceable."

2. The second step is enticement. The soul has become enamored with the tempting object, scans it, draws near to look upon it "with appetite and pleasure," as the fish surveys the bait before he plucks up courage to swallow it.

3. Having secured the affections, the fancy, the desires, "temptation comes to make its way into the consent of the will and to gain that great fort also; so that the mind begins to purpose and accordingly to contrive the commission of the sin."

4. With this full consent of mind and will, the open commission of sin is an easy advance; "the consciousness of the heart brings forth a cursed brand or letter in the actions;" or, in the words of Dr. South, "the outburst is like a fountain, which having been for some time imprisoned and pent up in the bowels of the earth, at length forces its way through and casts forth its streams with a violent and uncontrolled effusion."

5. The last step, "completing the victory which temptation obtains over a man, is when sin comes to that pitch as to reign, and by a frequent habitual commission of it, to dominate and lord it over a man's conversation," making man the servant of sin.

## The Devil's Den.

At the last step in the way of the tempter, we reach the devil's den, a dismal and horrible place, full of the bones of pilgrims who missed the way and fell into the hands of bad guides. "When a man," in the words of South again, "comes not only to act sin, but even to be acted and possessed by it as an absolute slave to all its commands, he is then ripe for hell and perdition, and fit only to be sent there by the next destroying providence."

## THE HON. JAMES FERRIER.

BY REV. E. BARRETT, M. A.

THIS distinguished man, who died May 30, 1888, at his residence in Montreal, attained to an unusual old age, inasmuch as he was in his eighty-eighth year when he was called to enter into his eternal rest.

His life had been of amazing activity. A native of Scotland, he came to Montreal at the age of twenty-one, and soon became known in mercantile circles as a man of indomitable energy. He succeeded in business far beyond many. So far as we know, he was a man of blameless reputation, and all classes felt unbounded confidence in his integrity. None doubted his word; the name of James Ferrier was always a synonym for all that is honorable and upright.

Like most Scotchmen, he was brought up in the Presbyterian faith, but soon after coming to Montreal, he attended a Methodist church, and was invited to occupy a seat in the pew of the late John Torrance, e. q., and ever afterwards he was a regular worshiper in the same church. It might have been otherwise but for the kindness of Mr. Torrance, with whom he ever afterwards lived on terms of great friendship.

Soon after making Canada his adopted country, he identified himself with the Methodist Church, and for nearly seventy years his interests were identified with those of the church. He soon became an office-bearer, and was especially distinguished as a class-leader and Sunday-school superintendent. There was no part of church work in which he did not feel a deep interest. He became a member of the trust board of the church in which he worshipped, and was also trustee of several other churches.

In his attendance at all the services of the sanctuary he was punctual. On Sabbaths and week evenings his place was seldom vacant, unless occasionally by sickness. When traveling, or attending his parliamentary duties, he did not forget the Lord's house. Forty years ago he laid the foundation-stone of Great St. James St. Church, in which he worshipped, and of which he was the last surviving trustee. It is a remarkable coincidence that on the last Sabbath the said church was occupied, his funeral sermon was preached, he having died

a few days before. He laid the corner-stone of Trinity Church, now in course of erection, and used the same trowel which he used at Great St. James St. Church forty years previous.

Mr. Ferrier was a liberal contributor to all church enterprises, and his house was always open to entertain the servants of the church, no matter to what denomination they might belong. Many of the distinguished men who visited Montreal during the anniversary week and on other occasions, were his guests. He was of a truly catholic spirit, and was always ready to co-operate with the friends of all institutions whose object was to promote the welfare of the community.

He was a member of the Central Board of Missions, a member of the Senate of Victoria University, and chairman of the board of the Wesleyan Theological College, in connection with which he built, at his own expense, the "James Ferrier Convocation Hall." He was among the first laymen to be admitted into Conference, and was a member of every General Conference since the date of the union of the Methodist in Canada, the success of which filled him with great joy.

Though Mr. Ferrier was from conviction and choice a staunch Methodist, still he was always ready to lend a helping hand to many institutions which were not purely Methodist; hence he was chairman of McGill College, president of the Montreal Bible Society, vice-president of the Sabbath School Association, and president of the Quebec Temperance League.

As a citizen of Montreal he contributed largely to its progress. In 1841 he became a member of the city corporation, and in 1847 he was elected mayor—a position which only few Protestants ever filled; but he was esteemed by all classes of his fellow-citizens, by whose suffrages he was elected to fill many public offices. Among others he was Senator of the Dominion Senate; member of the Legislative Council of Quebec; president of St. Andrews' Society; president of Montreal and Lachine Railway; colonel of the first militia company formed in Montreal; manager of the Montreal Assurance Company; president of the Canadian Board of the Grand Trunk Railway; member of the board of the Royal Institution for the Advancement of Learning, which afterwards became McGill University; so that it will be seen that few men ever held so many public offices as fell to the lot of the Hon. James Ferrier.

Some may wonder how he came to be thus honored. We may answer because of his spotless character and unflinching adherence to truth and righteousness. In all the positions which he filled, he strove to do right. None could charge him with seeking to promote any personal or family interests at the expense of the public. There was no ostentation about any of his actions. He was always meek and docile as a child, full of kindness to those in trouble, sound in judgment, and firm as a rock when circumstances required.

This good man came to meet the last enemy, but he was prepared for the conflict. All his affairs were settled. Having given away thousands of dollars during his life, he did not deem it to be his duty to leave any of his property to any public object. He had served his generation faithfully, and to many his memory will ever be precious. His last affliction was brief, but very severe, which he endured with great patience. He felt a firm trust in Jesus, the friend of sinners, and died in great peace. His funeral was one of the largest ever seen in Montreal, and was attended by thousands belonging to all classes of citizens. His funeral sermon was preached by his friend and former pastor, Rev. Hugh Johnson, M. A., B. D.

## A BROTHER'S MISTAKE, OR GOSPEL FAILURE—WHICH?

BY REV. JOHN PARKER.

An eminent writer has said, "Better a false belief than no belief at all." I think not. I would rather be an honest atheist than to believe that God is so indifferent to his holiness as to be tolerant of sin; and multitudes believe that God is so tolerant, who consider themselves Christians. Of this multitude is evidently the writer of the article in a recent issue of "Bosom Sins."

If the first statement of that article is true, then Methodism has no mission and Christianity is a failure. If there is no person without bosom sins, there is no person without sin, for all sins are sins that we like—"dear sins." No man sins against his like. No man sins who does not prefer to sin. If no man is without sin, then it is fair to presume that there never was and never will be such a person as the "Bosom Sinner." The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin; that "He is faithful and just to forgive and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness;" that "He is able to save to the uttermost." If able, and unwilling, then He is not holy. He was incarnate to destroy the works of the devil. Has He failed? Is He able to do it? And if able, is He willing? If not, then the Gospel excites my hope only to mock my effort. God says: "I will sprinkle and make you clean." Cleanliness is God's ideal of saintly character, the basis of sainthood. What, then, of "bosom sins," "dear sins," "the dark-colored goods which our peculiar favor?"

Strange, it is not also, "there is a kind of wickedness that almost commands the respect" of your writer on "Bosom Sins?" This kind of sinners has "a wearing quality that would attract the church itself." Alas! And is this Methodism? Some men live too soon; if this be the Methodism of these latter days, I have lived too long.

But we must deal with these "bosom sins," "dear sins," as the writer calls them; "get them out of the heart, keep them aloof, master them finally." But, alas! How hopeless our effort! No one has gotten them out of his heart, no one has mastered them, for there is no one without them. What is the use of trying? Then, also, all our trying must be by light—struggle, conflict, force of will; whereas I have learned that the Gospel makes me a conqueror by putting force and helps within my reach, to do for me what I cannot do for myself. The power of God is made available unto my salvation. I am invited to connect myself with it by faith. If I make this connection, what becomes of my bosom sins? Or is this salvation which is God's best thought and best resource, unable to give me complete deliverance? If so, why?

But the brother's heart evident y got the mastery of his head before he finished. For at last he tells us of the most hideous brood of bosom sins that have been conceived and bred, and from these men have been saved and established by the power of the Holy Spirit within. But if the Holy Spirit has entered and established the heart in the place which passeth understanding, the "bosom sins" had to leave (Ezek. 36: 25, 27). What, then, becomes of the first statement?

Against these bosom sins, one must, however, pray unceasingly if we would conquer. But why pray if defeat is certain? Well, we may hinder them from becoming rampant by saying four previous prayers that have saved so many souls:—"O God, help me!" "But where are these saved ones? No man is saved who is yet in love with sin, and if there is no man living without sin that he loves, from what and unto what have these many souls been saved? Surely, this is not thinking in this case it is a bosom sin, for evidently the brother wanted to get rid of it."

Southville, Mass.







**Salem, Wesley Church,**  
lent harvest concert last  
The walls of the new chu  
building is being roofed in  
ing pushed quickly.







## The Family.

### A BIRTHDAY IN AGE.

It dawned, but not with glimmer of dawn,  
The candles, but with a glow of dawn;  
Not with the brightness as it rose before,  
And trilling of the songs which Hope then sang.

The morning breaks, but gladness seems afar;  
No cheering voices strike my deafened ear;  
In the pale west alone the morning star,  
Emblem of that which seems to me so near.

Plans, purposes, ambitions, all a dream!  
The call to duty, flash of enterprise,  
Are all a vision by my fancy seen,  
As rolling echoes from the clouded skies.

Yet on me falls a calm, such as one feels  
On summer evenings when the day expires;  
A strange contentment over my life steals,  
As I fade the embers of my youthful fires.

Not less, but gain, these whirling years have brought,  
As one may richer grow by what some lose;  
Such treasure found which long we vainly sought,  
And blooms the desert we so weary crossed.

Youth on the sunlit future bends his gaze,  
Musing on mysteries which are then concealed;  
Yet strives to pierce the murky haze,  
Burning to read the secret which is well.

That strangely checkered path which none who tread  
With weary, blistered feet shall e'er retrace,  
Lies all in shadows, while the silent dead  
Have left no chart to that unrodden space.

Each tracks his way alone; at length I reach  
The point extreme, that high, unfurling gate  
Guarding all secrets; wisdom may not teach,  
Nor boasting reason show the high estate.

Here I dismiss all anxious thought, all fear  
Of what the day may bring, and what it may unfold;  
No spectral speculations now appear,  
No labor to interpret dreams of old.

Hope's strenuous no more my ears enrapture,  
Her luscious banquet all are spread in vain;  
Calmy I smile at promises that lure,  
No torturing thought of earthly loss or gain.

Sitting within my story-telling walls,  
Calmy I watch the hurrying clouds rush by;  
I know the hopeless quest which each entails—  
How false the light which flashes on the eye.

I know they sow the wind; I see the blight  
Of disappointment's frost on all at last;  
The phantom they pursue will pass from sight,  
When over all despair's shadow is cast.

Calmy I rest in life's evening hour,  
Regretful only for the little I have lost;  
For human life, and Him whose kindly power  
Brings me so late to mark life's sinking coast.

Soon I shall sleep that sleep that knows no waking,  
And quiet rest through all the summer's bloom,  
Waiting the trump which shall, all nature shaking,  
Shall bring a birthday from the opening tomb.

—REV. MARK TRAPTON, D. D., in *Pittsburgh Christian Advocate*.

### FOR OTHERS' SAKE.

BY LITTLE S. BIRLOW.

Not rich are we in hoarded gold,  
Though multiplied a hundred fold—  
Wealth is just the health we use.

And the best by far do we live,  
On the silver and gold we give,  
As oil from the widow's cruse.

The beauty of the summer hours,  
And the fragrance of the flowers,  
Are spent for others' good;

And the bread we lovingly break,  
With a prayer for another's sake,  
May to us be riches: food.

—*Heliope, Mass.*

### THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

With an habitual sense of the Divine presence and care, the trials of life are lightened. That cloud which, drifting alone in the heavens, was so black, when seen in the light of a merciful Providence, shines with celestial radiance. — *Ephraim Peabody*.

The mind wants steadying and setting right many times a day. It resembles a compass placed on a rickety table; the least stir of the table makes the needle swing around and point untrue. Let it settle, then, till it points aright. Be perfectly silent for a few moments, thinking of Jesus; there is an almost divine force in this. Drop the thing that worries, that excites, that interests, that thwarts you; let it fall like a sediment to the bottom, until the soul is no longer turbid; and say, secretly, "Grant, O blessed Jesus, merciful Lord, to Thy faithful servant pardon and peace; that I may be cleansed from all my sins and serve Thee with a quiet mind!" — *Bishop Huntington*.

When St. Felix of Nola was hotly pursued by murderers, he took refuge in a cave, and instantly, over the rift of it, the spiders wove their webs, and, seeing this, the murderers passed by. Then said the saint, "Where God is not, a wall is but a spider's web; where God is, a spider's web is a wall." What would you pray for? I answer, "All that God can do for you." We toil and moil and scrape, and make ourselves anxious about the dust and dross of earth, and all the while God is holding forth to us in the crown of immortality and the golden keys of the treasures of heaven! — *Canon Farrar*.

Why press we so against the door that Fate has barred upon our hearts desire? Why hold our lives in such suspense? Because God wishes their ultimate fire? Why should we widen with dark clouded skies, When others make a ladder of their lives, And while we deem ourselves too weak to rise, They've climbed above?

Why sit and dream in spring's sweet labor time, Unreal dreams, whose radiance makes them sweet, And, since we may break our life's full prime, Deem that we rest contented at God's feet? Why cry to Heaven for lost and broken hours, For faith and hope that have faded long ago, When still within our hearts new fruitful powers Are budding now?

O eyes turned inward on our darkened hearts, Open to see God's beauty on the earth; Self-pitying tears that flow from our eyes, Fracture all our barrenness and death; O folded hands, close clasped in dull despair, O grow busy with God's work of love and peace; O heart, forget to grieve, and rise to wage Mingivings cease! — *Caroline North*.

With many it is ebb water before the tide be at the full. The lamps of their lives are wasted almost as soon as they are lighted. The sand of their hour-glass is run out, when they think it is but newly turned. When men feel sickness arresting them, then they fear death is approaching. But we begin to die, as soon as ever we begin to live. Every man's passing-bell hangs in his own steeple. Take him in his four elements, of earth, air, fire, and water. In the earth, he is as fleeing dust; in the air, he is as disappearing vapor; in the water, he is a breaking bubble; and in the fire, he is as consuming smoke. Many think not of living any longer, till they can live no longer; but one to-day is worth two to-morrow. Reader, you know not how soon the sails of your life may be rolled up, or how high you are to your eternal heaven; and if you have not Jesus as your pilot within you, you will sink in an eternal shipwreck. — *Rev. William Secker*.

Oh, how many are there who are bowed down all the day because of a burden of care lying on them? "What shall I eat, what shall I drink, and wherewithal shall I be clothed?" These are the anxious questions that are ever pressing upon them and craving for an answer. And because of them there are many who cannot enjoy the bounties which God has bestowed, for they are always afraid that they may be taken from Jesus as your pilot within you, and not the clouds return after the rain and descend in storm and tempest?

And what is to be the issue of all this? Am I to have health or distress; prosperity or adversity; a lengthened life or a speedy death? Now, a believer in Christ has a means of allaying all these apprehensions. He can say, I leave all these things with my God. My will is to be content; but what my state may be or should be, that is not my concern, but God's. My anxiety should be simply to be in the path of duty; but as to what should befall me in that path, I leave this with my God. It is thus that the believer lays his burden on Him who is able to bear it; he leaves the issue with Him to whom the issues belong, and finds how comfortable it is to obey the command: "Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God." — *James McCosh, D. D., LL. D.*

### HELP.

BY REV. R. L. BRUCE.

"WELL! At least I suppose so," "Since 'tis God's hand that leadeth me," but I declare, Myra, if it were not for that assurance, I should be about discouraged."

"Did you find the girl?" "Yes." "And she wouldn't come?" "No."

"There are twenty miles of driving over bad roads, four hours of freezing, and the best part of a day wasted, all to find one more girl who works out?"

"Yes." "And hasn't any place?" "No. But has about concluded not to work out this winter, etc. Yet if some unprincipled young scapegrace should offer her his hand (empty and quite likely not over clean), ten to one she would jump at the chance to work the rest of her winters, and summers too, for board and clothes and neglect, if nothing worse were thrown in."

"There, there, George, you are tired and hungry, and everything looks blue to you. Did you tell the girl you were a preacher?"

"Yes, of course, I wouldn't deceive her." "Well, that accounts for it all. Girls seem to dread a paragon as they would a lion's den—that is, unless they can be mistress of it, and the young wife smiled roguishly—a smile like a burst of sunshine through the clouds; so, at least, it seemed to her husband, Rev. Mr. Lester, 'preacher in charge' of the church at Rockville. He therefore remarked in a more cheerful tone:—

"Well, I think Rob and I will both feel better for some dinner," and leading his faithful horse to the stable, he proceeded to care for his wants.

This done, he was soon seated at the repeat which, though it had been some time waiting, yet proved decidedly inviting, having been prepared by loving and skillful hands; for love, re-enforced by skill, can furnish an inviting repast from scant material.

The home in which they sat, though plainly furnished, yet showed evidences of the taste in many a simple ornament, the effect of which was decidedly pleasing. Everything was scrupulously neat, and there was a general atmosphere of homelikeness, so hard to describe, so easy to appreciate, and which proved the presiding genius to be one of those rarely endowed beings, a true home-gentle.

In the midst of such surroundings the young clergyman might easily have banished all care to the regions of outer cold, but for the fact that the aforesaid "angel" bore unmistakable marks of human weakness. As he watched her furtively while sipping his tea, he was sadly conscious that there had been a decided and unwelcome change since he first called her his own, scarcely more than five years ago. Her cheeks had exchanged the hue of the rose for that of the lily, and to-day were looking suspiciously hollow. Her step lacked its former elastic buoyancy, and many signs indicated that combined household and parish duties were threatening to translate this angel to scenes of less wearisome activity unless the present burdens could be somehow and speedily lightened.

Under the pressure of these unwelcome suggestions he suddenly broke out:—

"What in the world are we going to do, Myra?" "Do about what?" said Myra, whose thoughts meanwhile had been called away to some necessary detail of housekeeping.

"Why, about this help problem?" "Oh, I don't know. I'm almost glad, after all, that you didn't get that girl. It is so much pleasanter to be alone. And then I don't see how we can afford to hire, any way. We can scarcely more than live as it is."

"But your health is more than money, Myra, and indeed I am afraid it is getting to be more than a matter of health even, perhaps of life and death. I'm alarmed about you. You are losing strength every day."

"Oh, I think I shall get along some way," said Myra, trying to speak cheerfully, though she was far from feeling the confidence she expressed.

"And besides," continued George, "I need your help so much in my parish work. I am sure my calls do twice as much good when you are with me, and the people are continually asking why you don't come."

"Then let the people pay a salary sufficient to enable us to live good help. If you could have offered that girl three dollars or three and a half a week, she would have come fast enough."

"Quite likely she would."

"I wonder how they think we manage to live, any way?" continued Myra. "Here are a good many of your people whose salaries are larger than yours, and they have no means to keep and none of the extra expenses, unavoidable in a preacher's family, especially if he is an itinerant, yet they say they can scarcely make ends meet. I should think they would expect our teeth would meet for want of something to put between them," and she laughed, in spite of the burden on her heart, at the quaint conceit.

"Well, you know it is only thoughtlessness. Our people are certainly kind-hearted, and mean to do well by us."

"Yes, I am sure of that," said Myra, and her heart warmed at the recollection of their many kind deeds and loving remembrances.

"Well," she added after a moment's pause, "if we haven't any abiding home here, it isn't far to the 'many mansions'; and if preaching doesn't pay very well in hard cash, the star-gemmed promises and the 'Well done' will more than square all accounts."

"Yes, darling," said George, "but you

mustn't get in a hurry for the crown. I need you too much here."

For answer she broke forth singing the beautiful hymn:—

"My Jesus, as Thou wilt,  
O may Thy will be mine!"

Her husband joined her, and when they finished the closing lines,—

"Straight to my home above  
I travel calmly on,  
And sing in life or death  
My Lord, Thy will be done."

the eyes of both were full of joyful tears, and they were ready to take up the burden of life again in the full assurance that "All things work together for good to them that love God," and "They that trust in the Lord shall not want any good thing."

While Myra was washing the dinner dishes, George went to the office for the afternoon mail, and coming home, tossed into her lap the weekly religious paper, whose perusal was always such a source of refreshing and strength. She looked, as she always did first, for the bits of news from the home Conference, and having finished these, was just turning to see what other treasures the paper contained, when there was a rustling in the next room, and a moment later a vision appeared in the open doorway evidently fresh from dream-land, but looking fair and sweet enough to be a new arrival from the "home land" about which they had just been talking and singing.

Little three-year-old Bess, a miniature edition of her mother, stood a moment, rubbing her still sleepy eyes with her chubby fists, and then, having cleared her vision sufficiently to be able to see mamma, she trotted quickly across the room, and the next moment was cuddling down in the blissful shelter of maternal love.

The short winter afternoon was drawing to a close, and after a few minutes of dreamy silence, Bess looked up with, "Tell me a pretty story, mamma."

"What shall it be, dear?" said the mother; "about Joseph, or Moses, or David, or Samson?"

"No," said the little mite, "me want a weal towey;" by which the mother understood that the story must be original.

So after a few moments of thought, she began to tell about a little boy and girl who wandered off hand in hand one summer afternoon to a beautiful woodland dell.

"Did say go all themselves alone?" demanded Bess.

"Yes, dear." "And where was zair muzzer?" "Oh, I guess she was taking a nap."

And so the story went on with occasional quiet little interruptions from Bess, telling how Ina and Bertie became so interested, toasting pebbles in the brook, listening to the chatter of the squirrels and the twitter of the birds, watching the bees gathering their winter store, and chasing butterflies from flower to flower, that before they knew it, it was growing dark, and when they started to go home they couldn't find the way. And so they wandered on very much frightened till little Ina, happening to look up and catching sight of the stars, exclaimed, "O Bertie, I ain't afraid, 'cos see, there's lots of angels watching us; for don't you know what we learned last Sabbath evening? He shall give His angels charge over thee?" So, weary but comforted, they lay down on a bank of moss, and were soon asleep in each other's arms. And there they were found, not long after, by a company who were searching for them with lanterns; and when little Ina, scarcely awake, was clasped in her mother's arms, she only said sleepily, "I fought the good angels would tell you where we was, mamma, 'cos they used us all the time."

So engaged had Mrs. Lester herself become in the story she was telling, that she did not observe that her husband had laid down his pen and was listening with evident interest to her simple recital. As she finished, he said with a laugh, "I declare, Myra, you beat all the story-books."

Thereupon Queen Bess slipped down from her mother's lap and ran for a kiss and a frolic with papa.

Mrs. Lester lighted the lamp and took up the paper for another brief glance before tea. As she did so, the first words her eyes rested on were:—

"For the best story received within a month, containing less than 2,500 words and adapted to our columns, we will give a prize of \$30. For the second best a prize of \$15."

To say that she was a little startled at the curious coincidence of her recent attempt at story-telling and these words, would be no more than the truth. Why couldn't she write a story as well as tell one? Possibly there was a talent in a napkin. Then \$30, or even \$15!

Visions of Mrs. Jacobs at work mornings in the kitchen, earning needed money to help support her fatherless children, while she, Mrs. Lester, wrote stories in the library, floated before her mind. All that evening she had a preoccupied air. When she poured her husband's tea, instead of saying, as she intended, that possibly it wasn't sweet enough, she remarked absently perhaps it isn't "adapted to our columns," but he was too busy just then frolicking with Queen Bess to notice the ludicrous mistake or the quick flash that accompanied it.

That night she tried in vain to sleep. Once when she dropped into a doze, a huge editor with a pair of mammoth scissors threatened to cut off her head and deposit it with others in an immense waste-basket lined with greenbacks. At last, in sheer desperation, she arose, slipped quietly into the library, and lighting a lamp and starting the fire, sat down and began writing a story the form of which had been gradually shaping itself in her mind. Once started, it was wonderful how the story developed. Her pen fairly flew over the sheets. Doubtless it was somewhat crude, and needed the careful pruning it afterward received, but for the time it seemed that her genius, like a long-confined and mettlesome steed, fairly revelled in its new-found freedom. Not till the small hours did she lay down her pen, then, exhausted as much by the intensity of her interest as by the unreasonable-ness of her labor, she hid her manuscript and crept back to bed. Nor did she awake till Bess's chubby fingers pulled her heavy eyelids apart, trying, as she said, to "find her pretty mamma."

Warned by the exhaustion of the next day, she did not repeat the scene of the first night, but completed the story in hours when her husband's absence on pastoral duties gave her opportunity; and about a week after the

memorable search for help, she remarked, one pleasant afternoon, "George, I believe I will get the mail to-day." Then, putting on her wraps and slyly tucking a large envelope under her cloak, she hastened to the office. Watching her opportunity when no one was looking, she hastily dropped the precious packet in the letter-box, and hurried home feeling almost like a criminal.

The days that followed were full of suspense, but household cares demanded attention, and a slight illness of Queen Bess held well-nigh driven the whole matter from her mind.

One evening, about six weeks after the one of the first story-telling, Bess, now nearly recovered, clambered up in her lap and again demanded a "twey." Just in the midst of the tale Mr. Lester came in from the office, and with an inquiring look handed his wife a letter addressed to her and bearing the stamp of the publishers of the paper for which she had written. He watched her curiously as with trembling fingers she tore it open, and was little more surprised than herself when she drew out a check for \$30. Of course the whole story came out then, and Bess was not a little mystified at the mingled laughter and tears that followed, and a moment later was caught by her father barely in season to prevent her putting the check in the open grate, evidently regarding it as the offending cause that had "made her pretty mamma cry."

As the letter which accompanied the check respectfully solicited more of the same kind, it was agreed to deposit this first \$30 in the bank to Bess' account as the providential revealer of her mother's hidden genius.

All this happened years ago. Bess is now a woman, and like her mother a famous "twey teller." But Mr. and Mrs. Lester will never forget how in the hour of their deepest need the dear Father in whom they trusted sent them help.

### ABOUT WOMEN.

—Dr. Alice T. Hall, a Wellesley College graduate, has been elected professor of hygiene and physiology in the Woman's College, Baltimore, Md.

—Baroness Ashmead-Bartlett-Burdett-Coutts is giving prizes for fine plants grown by the children of the London slums.

—Several German ladies enjoy a very good practice as domestic scientists. A Franklin von Domming, who was trained in Philadelphia, and now practices at Wiesbaden. Another, Franklin von Oertzen, practices in London.

—Miss Catherine Laing has completed the great work that she undertook in 1880 on her father's death—the Halkett-Laing dictionary of the anonymous and pseudonymous literature of Great Britain.

—The Duchess of Galliera is stated to have donated the sum of \$100,000 for the establishment of a model pharmacy to be connected with her hospital of San Andrea in Genoa. Medicines will be dispensed free of charge to the poor.

—Among the exhibits in the Mechanics' Fair at San Francisco were a dozen finely-made horsehooves, the product of the skill of a girl fifteen years old, named Annie Bole, the daughter of a teamster. She learned the art of amputation.

—Mrs. Humphrey Ward, the author of "Robert Elsmere," is described as a small, slight woman, with a colorless face, soft, thick, dark hair, which she wears without frizzle or curl. Her nose is large, and her eyes, though small, are black and piercing. Another actress who has made a recent success is Olive Schreiner, who wrote "The Story of an African Farm," over the pen name of Ralph Iron. Miss Schreiner is an English governess who was born at the Cape, of mixed German and English parentage. A great deal of her novel is said to be autobiographical.

—Miss Lydia Tice, seventy-four years of age, completed recently fifty-four years of constant service at the loom in the Cranston Mill, Providence, and the company signalled the occasion by a R. I. gift. Miss Tice will now retire from machine labor.

A GOOD BOOK AND ITS WORK.

If a good deed shines in this wicked world like a candle in the darkness, a good book shines as a lighthouse. When Dr. Lyman Beecher published his "Six Sermons on Intemperance," he thought they might do a little good work in Connecticut; but the "Sermons" have wrought great deeds among all English-speaking peoples. A copy of the "Sermons" found their way into the house of a drunken Scotch cobbler, James Stirling of Mingarie. One Saturday night, on returning home from the public house, where he had been carousing, he overheard his wife reading, as her custom was, a chapter of the New Testament to the children. The chapter was the twenty-fifth of Matthew, in which is the parable of our Lord concerning the separating of the sheep from the goats.

"Will father be a goat, mother?" asked the youngest boy, looking up into his mother's face. The poor woman was bewildered by the boy's question; but the drunken father, who had overheard it, was struck with shame and remorse. He tossed upon his bed that night, and slept but little, for his heart was troubled. The next day, being ashamed to go to church, he stayed at home. Seeking for some book to read, he might get away from himself, he discovered the "Six Sermons on Intemperance." He read them; they seemed to have been written for him alone. Then and there he formed the resolution to drink neither beer nor spirits. He attended a temperance meeting a few nights later, and publicly signed the pledge. Off ran one of his sons, as fast as his legs could carry him, to his sick mother with the news.

"Mother!" he shouted, as he rushed to the bedside, "father has just put down his name, and they're all putting down their names."

"Thank God!" exclaimed the mother; "the tears stopped her doxology. 'If he has signed, he'll keep it,' she added. 'Yes, he'll keep it,' and her face flushed with the dawn of better days. 'I'll sign it too, and you must all sign it, for the set time to favor us has come.'"

It had come. From that time Stirling worked with diligence at his trade, and with enthusiasm to promote the cause of temperance and religion. — *Youth's Companion*.

THINGS CURIOUS AND STRIKING.

Weighting Thoughts.

One of the most remarkable discoveries of modern times is that of Professor Mosso, an Italian physiologist. Thought is intangible, and has commonly been considered imponderable. The professor decided otherwise.

By means of a large balance on which the human body may be poised horizontally, Prof. Mosso found that "one's thoughts may be literally weighed," and that even dreams or the effects of a slight sound during slumber turn the blood to the brain sufficiently to sink the balance of the head. The changing pulse even told him when a professional friend was reading Latin and when Greek, the greater effort of the latter leading to a short distance.

turned about to see what else was wanted. Some of the small boys showered stones at him, and he ran on to Bismarck. Next day he returned with an answer tied on his neck, and he showed that he had been to the post-office, and that a miner would have a hard time getting his mail, as the country is very rough and steep in places, and most of the year the weather is very warm.

Dorsey belongs to the postmaster at Calico, and, in his youth, he was not regarded as anything more than a common puppy. The picture shows him to be about average size, with white coat, shaggy coat and bushy tail. With the dog became a mail-carrier was followed by another layer of oysters dotted with butter and seasoned as before. Continue this process until the dish is full. Pour in enough oyster liquor to fill the dish to within an inch of the top, and cover all with a rich pastry. Bake until a delicate brown.

Outmeal Bread.—This is the most delicious form of bread for thin brown bread and butter. Two cups of oatmeal, half a cup of molasses, half a cup of yeast or half a fresh yeast cake, half a teaspoonful of salt. Boil the oatmeal for porridge, add the salt, and when cool, the yeast and molasses; stir in enough wheat flour to make it stiff as can be stirred with a spoon. Put the dough into oblong tin pans, well buttered, and stand them in a warm place; the bread must rise until it is very light. Bake about one hour and a quarter. This quantity makes two loaves. If they are to be used for thin bread and butter, they should not be cut until they are cold. After they are cold, spread each slice with butter before cutting, and cut as thin as possible with a very sharp knife.

Arkansas, or Arkansas? Those of our readers who are accustomed to say "Ark," with the accent on the second syllable, will

be profited by reading the following paragraph from the New York Sun in reference to the pronunciation of the name of this State:—

The proper pronunciation of "Arkansas" is "Arkahnshaw," accented on the first and last syllables. The word was the old Indian pronunciation, which the early French traders expressed in letters as "Arkansas." The French is always broad, and the final 'a' is silent; so Arkansas to the French was pronounced "Arkahnshaw." Congress spelled the name in the Act organizing the Territory, "Arkansaw," and for some years the name continued to be so spelled. Finally, as every one knew the pronunciation, the original spelling was brought again into use. Then, however, came a people who knew not the history or the pronunciation of the word who called it "Arkansas," with the accent on the second syllable; and this mispronunciation, though, and was accepted by many. In 1880 the State Historical and the Scientific Societies jointly investigated the name and its pronunciation, and on their report, the substance of which is given above, the Legislature of the State decided that the legal pronunciation was "Arkahnshaw."

Postal Mail Cars.

Have you ever visited the interior of one of the postal mail cars? It is a very interesting place, and is thus described in the Congressionalist:—

The inside is divided into little compartments answering to the names of the States or towns to which the various mails are going, and the clerk leaves the train very deftly into the proper places. He has to work rapidly, and has no time to waste in trying to decipher illegible addresses. For instance, he may have a letter intended for "Gibby," as an envelope once addressed, but it takes him some time to guess that Georgia is the State meant. Another letter was directed to Jimmy's place, which he puzzled over until he thought of Jimmy Plain as the probable destination. The mail pouches are caught up at stations where the train makes no stop by means of a long pole reaching far out on the end, and so are just as to pick up the bag from the platform. The postal clerk then takes the pouch and turns it bottom upwards, to shake out its contents. At one time a side mail letter happened to be the first that was dropped into a bag. Some of the mailage, or what ever the sealing material was, remained on the side of the mail pouch, so that the letter was lost by the weight of others on top, adhered fast to the canvas of the bag, and thus remained for nearly three years before it was discovered.

A Powerful Geyser.

The Excelsior Geyser in the Yellowstone Park, after an interval of eight years, is again in operation, making a magnificent spectacle.

This geyser is in the great middle geyser basin, close to Fire Hole River. It is in the form of an immense pipe 320 feet in length and 200 feet wide, and the aperture through which it discharges its volume of water is nearly 200 feet in diameter. Its general appearance is that of a huge boiling spring, and for many years its true character was not suspected. Its first recorded eruption occurred in 1880, when it revealed itself as a stupendous geyser. The power of its eruptions was almost incredible, sending an immense column of water to heights from 100 to 300 feet, and hurling with it rocks and boulders of from one to 100 pounds in weight. Its present eruption is said to be a repetition of that of 1880. It is throwing its volumes of water 300 feet into the air, and Fire Hole River is reported to have risen two feet from its rushing floods.

Why the Leaves Turn.

How few people, if asked, could explain the causes of the changing coloring of the leaves in the autumn. An eminent botanist says that the common and old-fashioned idea is, that all the red and golden glory of these October days is caused by frost. In brief and simple language he explains the reasons of the change:—

The green matter in the tissue of a leaf is composed of two colors, red and blue. When the sap ceases to flow in the autumn, and the natural growth of the tree ceases, oxidation of the tissue takes place. Under certain conditions the green of the leaf changes to red; under different conditions it takes on a yellow or brown tint. This difference in color is due to the difference in the combination of the original constituents of the green tissue, and to the varying conditions of climate, exposure and soil. A dry, cold climate produces more brilliant foliage than one that is damp and warm. This is the reason that our American autumns are so much more gorgeous than those of England. There are several things about leaves that we never notice. For instance, why are some leaves yellow and some red? The answer is, that the red of the tree should be highly colored, and the rest of the tree should be a yellow tint, are questions that are as impossible to answer as why one member of a family should be perfectly healthy and another sickly. The coloring is not as good this fall as usual, but in the country there is some very gorgeous foliage. The maples and oaks generally have the brightest colors.

THE DAUGHTER.

My little daughter grows apace;  
Her dolls are now quite out of date;  
It seems that I must take their place,  
We have become such friends of late;  
We might be ministers of state,  
Discussing projects of great merit;  
Such strange new questionings dilate  
The beauty of my little girl.

How tall she grows! What subtle grace  
Doth every movement animate;  
With garments gathered for the race  
She stands a goddess, slim and straight.  
Young Artemis, when she was eight,  
Among the myrtle-bloom and laurel—  
I could if I could more than mate  
The beauty of my little girl.

The baby passes from her face,  
Leaving the lines more delicate,  
Till in her features I can trace  
The mother's smile, serene, serene.  
'Tis something at the







(Continued from page 1.)

yet it does seem that the Alliance is filling a place that has long been unoccupied.

Chicago is a great place for movements. Among the latest applicants for public favor and consideration is the Woman's League, which was organized about six months ago. The purpose of this organization, which is composed of the leaders of all women's organizations in the city, is to get the women of leisure in the city into closer communion with the working women. The League will do a great thing if it does no more than teach the women of leisure in the city that there are other women who see the sun rise every morning. At a recent meeting of the Woman's League Miss Frances E. Willard spoke of the advantages of the League in bringing together women now engaged in different philanthropic pursuits. The contact would widen their horizon and increase their usefulness. Women never organized except for the amelioration of sorrow or the annihilation of sin. The organized mother-love of women in council could do wonders toward placing civilization on a higher and holier basis. The servant-girl question could be answered by not having servant girls; the boarding-house, that sepulchre of human happiness, would be abolished. Women's work would then be divided as it should be, in the care of her children, in the company of her husband, and in deeds of philanthropy.

The Northwestern Branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society has been in annual session in Oakland Church during the past week. The meetings were full of interest. Addresses were made by Misses Merrill and Taylor, Drs. Cummings, Vernon and Butler, and a number of returned missionaries. The next annual meeting will be held October next in Grand Rapids, Mich.

Rev. John Parker, D. D., of Brooklyn, has been in the vicinity of Chicago for two months, preaching at camp-meetings, holding revival meetings, and supplying various pulpits. He has always been heartily welcomed, and his work has been abundantly blessed.

Dr. Bolton, of Clark Street Church, has been compelled to cease preaching and all active participation in church work, because of nervous prostration. He has been re-appointed to Clark Street but for the present an assistant pastor will attend to the demands of the church.

## Review of the Week.

Tuesday, October 16.

- The price of bread goes up in New York.
- The Chinese Exclusion law tested in California, and declared to be constitutional.
- At a Democratic barbecue at Shelbyville, Ind., Judge Thurman addresses over 30,000 people.
- The Pacific mail contract settled between the Imperial Government and the Canadian Pacific Railway.
- Dr. Bergmann, the German physician, characterizes Dr. Mackenzie's statements as "arbitrary nonsense."
- The police are seizing all copies of Dr. Mackenzie's book found in Germany; 40,000 copies seized at Leipzig.
- The Sultan of Morocco intends sending an embassy to this country to complain of Mr. Lewis, the American consul at Tangier.
- The French Chamber of Deputies re-assembles and Premier Fiquet introduces his bill to revise the Constitution; General Boulanger present, but his presence unnoticed.
- The Dorringer-Coxe ejectment suits, which have been before the courts for fifteen years, and involved the ownership of \$10,000,000 of real estate, settled by compromise at Wilkesbarre, Penn.
- In the Senate the first Tuesday in December set aside for a hearing upon the Union Pacific funding bill. Mr. Blair attacks the President's veto of Mrs. Doherty's pension bill, referring to him as "an infamous liberator." Messrs. Vest and Allison discuss the tariff bill. In the House, Mr. Oates of Alabama offers a resolution providing for an adjournment sine die tomorrow. A resolution offered by Mr. Wheeler of Alabama concerning the Senate tariff bill.

Wednesday, October 17.

- Congressman Lodge re-nominated.
- The population of Dakota is 640,825, a gain of 62,245 the past year.
- Emperor William arrives in Naples and is received with great enthusiasm.
- Boston wholesale merchants decide to have a Merchants' Week semi-annually.
- Floods in Abruzzo, Italy, cause enormous damage and the loss of many lives.
- The efforts of Emperor Frederick in behalf of the sufferers by flood publicly commended.
- Arrest in this city of Miss Frances Raymond, charged with stealing \$3,000 worth of diamonds in New York.
- Another collision on the Lehigh Valley Railway, by which six persons were killed and twenty-six wounded.
- An explosion of petroleum in the steamship "Ville de Calcutta," from Philadelphia, sinks the vessel at Calcutta, and causes loss of life.
- In the Senate, Mr. Cockrell speaks on the tariff bill, and the whiskey clause calls out a spirited debate. The House postpones Mr. Oates' adjournment resolution.
- Death of Hon. John Wentworth at Chicago, at the age of 73. He was a native of Sandwich, N. H., a graduate of Dartmouth, a congressman for six terms, the author of many historical essays, a lifelong Democrat, and a leading and honored citizen of Chicago. He was familiarly known as "Long John."

Thursday, October 18.

- Suppression of the Afghan rebellion.
- Suicide of the Spanish consul-general at Quebec.
- Hartford College overrules a committee to regulate athletic contests.
- Joshua Quincy, of Quincy, nominated for Congress by second district Democrats.
- A German gunboat captures a slave ship flying the French colors off the coast of Zanzibar.
- Sir John Macdonald to go to England to confer with Lord Salisbury regarding the fisheries dispute.
- Twenty-five persons thought to have been killed by the explosion and wreck of the steamer "Ville de Calcutta."
- Successful Annual Convention of the Massachusetts Union of the Young People's Christian Endeavor Societies at Worcester.
- The West Shore Railroad Limited Express impounded and partially wrecked in the West Point tunnel by a car-bomb. No lives lost.
- The will of the late Lord Salisbury bequeaths everything unentailed to the Queen's maids of honor. Sir L. S. S. West, the British Minister at Washington, inherits the estates and \$10,000 yearly.
- In the Senate, Mr. Teller makes a speech on the tariff bill, criticizing the Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Allison offers his recess resolution. In the House, Mr. Cox denies that he had mailed untrunkable matter, and charges that Senator Quay was sending out such matter. The question of adjournment considered.
- Friday, October 19.
- Considerable excitement on the New York Metal Exchange. About \$25,000 pounds of lead sold.
- One man killed and several injured in a railway collision on the Cumberland Valley railroad in Pennsylvania.

— Drs. Virchow and Waldeyer deny certain statements of Dr. Mackenzie relative to the Emperor Frederick's disease.

— Twenty-nine new cases and one death from yellow fever in Jacksonville. The State of Mississippi raises her quarantine.

— Disappearance of George A. Denham, boot and shoe dealer of this city; his liabilities found to be \$172,000 and his assets only \$55,000.

— The statue to "Chinese" Gordon unveiled in Trafalgar Square, London, without ceremony; the Government fearing to open the Square to the public.

— The Senate votes to adjourn sine die at 1 o'clock Saturday. A memorial in favor of the Mills bill, signed by over 500 Connecticut people, presented and referred. Mr. Teller offers a resolution for an investigation of the charge that the government had purchased wagon made by Tennessee convict and blankets made in England. The tariff bill discussed. In the House a breezy debate held relative to the sugar clause of the Mills bill.

Saturday, October 20.

— Ex-President Salomon, of Hayti, dies in Paris.

— Emperor William leaves Rome on his return journey to Berlin.

— Four deaths and twenty-seven new cases of yellow fever at Jacksonville.

— Great excitement in the New York petroleum market on a decline of 1-2 cents per barrel.

— Arab slavers, while being chased by a British war-ship, fire at their pursuer and kill a lieutenant.

— The Sioux chiefs decline to accept the terms of Secretary Vilas for the purchase of their lands.

— The Woman's Christian Temperance Union begins its fifteenth National Convention, in New York.

— Master Workman Powderly asks Chief Arthur to aid him in forming a union of the various labor organizations.

— An engineer and fireman killed and many persons hurt by an accident to a train near Washington, Pa.

— Judge Field decides against the city of Boston in its contest with Quincy in the water pipe controversy.

— The report of the failure of Corwith & Co. causes a temporary panic on the Metal Exchange, ending in the destruction of the Lead Trust.

— A paymaster and his assistant, who were taken to \$10,000 to workmen near Wilkesbarre, Penn., robbed and murdered on the highway.

— Congress adjourns to-day—the longest continuous session in history, having lasted 821 days; a grand total of 15,885 measures introduced in the session.

Monday, October 22.

— Assignment of the Rand Avery Company of this city.

— Marriage of Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and Dr. Ward.

— The city of Bremen formally enters the Zollverein.

— Civil war in Hayti; northern troops marching on Port au Prince.

— Death of Col. R. M. Pulsifer, long identified with the Boston Herald.

— The rising in East Africa believed to be a Mohammedan movement.

— The President signed the Electoral College bill for the adjournment of Congress.

— A land slide in Italy crushes a railway train of Naples excursionists, killing about 100, and injuring many more.

## THE CONFERENCE.

(Continued from page 5.)

under Bro. Kellogg's ministrations, and the outlook is hopeful.

Goffstown is alive and progressive. At the Village the brethren are planning for a church home.

At Andover the church is rejoicing in souls saved and sanctified.

The old church in Chesterfield is astir. The pastor is carrying the gospel invitation into regions round about.

A parsonage has been purchased at Contoocook.

At no point is the work of life advancing more steadily than at Alexandria.

A three days' grove-meeting has been held at Marlboro, under the direction of Rev. G. C. Noyes. It was a season of "old time power."

The congregations at Claremont are large and appreciative. Rev. D. C. Babcock has given the Seventh Day Baptists some wholesome truth, by which they may well profit.

## VERMONT CONFERENCE.

Springfield District.

In the death of Mrs. Alma Eliza Morse, which was telegraphed at the last moment for insertion in the HERALD of last week as having occurred on the morning of Oct. 13, her husband, Rev. C. W. Morse, and the whole parish at West Fairlee, are deeply afflicted.

Mrs. Morse was only a few months over 29 years of age, had been married six years on the first of June last, and dying leaves a little two-year-old boy to share the loss of his sorrowing father—a loss which he is too young ever fully to realize. Few, indeed, are as well fitted for the position of a pastor's wife as our lamented sister. Prepossessing both in person and manners, of a sweet spirit, gifted both in song and speech, deeply pious, and thoroughly devoted to the work of the parish, she was greatly beloved by all who knew her, and was a helpmeet indeed to her husband.

Confined to her bed less than a week, her death was painfully sudden, casting a gloom over the entire community. Memorial services were held on Sabbath morning, the writer officiating, a large and sympathetic audience being present. The remains were carried the next day to Hardwick, her native parish, for burial. Funeral services were held, an account of which will be found in the letter from St. Johnsbury district. Let the church pray for our sorely-afflicted brother, that in this hour of his greatest need, God's grace may abound toward him for his adequate support! The church at West Fairlee will also send the prayers of their brethren to the end that this new and sorrowful experience may be sanctified to their good.

At last accounts a gracious interest was developing at Ludlow, where the faithful pastor, assisted for a couple of Sundays by his brother, Rev. H. F. Reynolds, who being a poor health was enjoying a short vacation from his own parish, but made the same profitable to the Lord's work in his brother's charge. Some sinners were brought to the way of life, and some were seeking for full salvation of the staff of faith.

Miss Ida L. Gilman, of Springfield, has returned to Boynton, Va., for another year's work with Mrs. Sharpe and other workers in the Boynton Institute, a school for colored students of both sexes. Miss Gilman has shown marked ability for this class of work, and will be highly prized for her work's sake. Her brother, Mr. Bert Gilman, and a younger sister, Miss Gertrude, are both among the new entrants at the School of Liberal Arts of Boston University, where they will doubtless do credit both to themselves and the institution. They are both graduates of Wilburham Academy.

St. Johnsbury District.

Irishbury is to have a missionary meeting Tuesday evening, Oct. 30. The pastor has his arrangements perfected, and hopes to see much enthusiasm and touch a large collection. It appears that the district has not yet been greatly stirred on mission lines the present Conference year. Doubtless strong and effective agitation will soon be felt. Although Chaplain McCabe is not expected to be with us, most of the men, women and children who paid the money last year are still in the ranks, with unwavering faith in the cause.

The Preachers' Meeting at Holland last week is said to have been one of the most enjoyable and profitable meetings ever held by the Association. It certainly took a course somewhat out of the beaten track of such gatherings. In

the papers presented, things historical, political, literary, and theological were discussed. An article setting forth the duty of the Christian minister in casting his ballot, brought out the fact that with one exception all the preachers present were determined to vote one way. The Association, fearlessly addressed itself to the State Legislature now in session, praying that honorable body to embody in the law of the State the governor's suggestion that imprisonment be the penalty of the liquor-seller's first offence. The devotional exercises of the meeting were helpful to both preachers and people. Rev. Clark Wedgeworth and Rev. A. L. Cooper declared the Word on the two successive evenings of the session. An impressive feature of the meeting was the reading of a letter from Rev. H. P. Cushing, breathing fraternal greetings and fatherly counsel out of his present feebleness and affliction. A resolution of tender sympathy was the response. Another circumstance will make this gathering long to be remembered. A shadow was cast over it by the recent death of Sister Alma, known to all, who labored throughout this district as one ever faithful of self in the service of her Lord. Touching and appreciative resolutions were adopted. F.



ASBURY MEMORIAL METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Early in the year 1868, the official members of the several Methodist Episcopal Churches in Providence appointed a committee of three—Rev. John Livsey, T. J. Goring, and John Barton—to find a suitable room, the northern part of the city for the purpose of holding a Sunday-school and other religious services. An engine room belonging to the city was secured. Here, Friday evening, March 13, 1868, at a meeting of Methodists and their friends residing in that part of the city, it was resolved to proceed immediately to gather and organize a Sunday-school, and to establish such other religious services as their might be able to maintain.

Sunday, March 22, at 9 a. m., a few devoted and earnest Christians met at the place to invoke the Divine blessing upon the new enterprise. At 10.30 a. m., 76 adults and children were enrolled and arranged into classes under J. C. Jacobs, of the Broadway Church, as superintendent. At 3 p. m., Rev. J. Livsey, of the Power (now Hope) St. Church, preached to 130 hearers. At 7 p. m., a prayer-meeting of great power was enjoyed. So encouraging were these indications, that application was made to Providence Conference, which held its session that week, for a pastor the ensuing year. Rev. John Livsey was appointed, and entered with great zeal upon his arduous labors. Sunday, April 5, 1868, the church was organized with 26 members and 7 probationers. Its membership nearly doubled the first three months.

The first board of trustees, elected April 21, 1868, consisted of the following persons: Morris Deming, P. B. Simes, John Burton, Geo. W. Cady and Jason A. Bidwell. The first stewards were: Morris Deming, John Burton, W. T. Morehead, J. C. Jacobs, W. H. White, and John W. Foster. The first class leaders: John W. Foster, J. C. Jacobs, M. Deming, and David Taylor. Officers of Sunday-school: J. C. Jacobs, superintendent; J. Burton, assistant superintendent; P. B. Simes, Jr., secretary and treasurer; C. K. McVieville, librarian; De Wolf, assistant librarian. The pastors in this church have been: Rev. J. Livsey, '68-'70; A. N. Bodfish, '70-'71; J. F. Sheffield, '72-'73; A. Anderson, '74-'76; S. Leader, '77-'78; W. H. Stetson, '79-'80; H. B. Cady, '81-'83; W. J. Smith, '84-'86; G. W. Hunt, the present pastor, '87.

The young church worshiped but a short time in the engine house. In August the city authorities needed the building, and another place must be found. But where?

After thorough search no place could be found in that part of the city. The outlook was dark for the new enterprise. A Sunday or two passed without any services; then the pastor owned his home, and the work went on. Just at this time of great need the Protestant Episcopal society on North Main St. voluntarily offered their Sunday-school room in the "Church of the Redeemer," and again a new place was occupied.

In the mean time a lot had been secured, and measures taken to erect a cheap building, and in November, 1868, the house, which would seat 350 persons, was dedicated, the sermon being preached by Rev. J. A. M. Chapman. The memory of that sermon lived with the hearers, burning as it did with impassioned eloquence. This building, never attractive in appearance, hot in summer and cold in winter, has been the resort of crowds, and the scene of powerful revivals. Twelve hundred persons have professed conversion there since its dedication. Intended to be temporary, it has been, indeed, the house of God to hundreds for two decades, and now gives place to the attractive, convenient, comfortable edifice, the best of the Methodist churches in Providence. It is built of brick. The order of architecture is Romanesque Gothic. Size of building, 62 by 78 feet; height of walls, 20 ft.; size of tower, 18 by 18 ft.; height of tower, 90 ft.; size of windows, 60 by 76 ft.; height of ceiling, wings, 17 ft., six inches; center, 32 ft.; seating capacity of audience-room, 800; seats of vestry, 42 by 60 ft.; primary room, 15 by 30 ft.; two class-rooms, 18 by 20 ft. each; library, 10 by 12; height of vestry, 12 ft. These can all be used together, accommodating 700 or 800 people. There is also a room in the tower 16 ft. square, suitable for a study or class room. The cost of building and furnishings (exclusive of lot) will be about \$28,000. Of this amount \$600 is still due. Permit your correspondent to add that from a thorough knowledge of the deserts and necessities of this people, he can declare that money will be judiciously and worthily bestowed if sent to Rev. G. W. Hunt to aid in reducing this amount.

The dedicatory services occurred Oct. 17-18. At 10 a. m., Oct. 17, Rev. J. Livsey, first pastor of the church in 1868, opened the love feast and reunion of former friends, members and pastors. It was a good beginning, leaving no doubt as to the old-time fire burning on the altar.

At 2.30 p. m., Bishop Foster preached the dedicatory sermon to a full house, from 1 Tim. 5: 8. The Bishop, who had just returned from a six weeks' tour, during which he held three Conferences and preached sixteen times, complained of being weary, but gave little evidence of it as in his usual lucid and effective

manner he enforced the startling assertion of the text.

At 7.30 p. m., Rev. E. McChesney, D. D., pastor of St. Paul's Church, New York, preached to a crowded house from Matt. 5: 8. The brethren in the ministry were glad to greet and to hear their former co-laborer in the N. E. Southern Conference. The people manifested their appreciation of a gospel of purity and power by Asbury "Amen."

Thursday, the 18th, at 10 a. m., a prayer-meeting, led by Rev. W. J. Smith, was held, and was full of interest up to the hour of adjournment, 12 o'clock.

At 2 p. m., Rev. W. L. Phillips, pastor of Summerfield Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., preached from John 1: 4 a sermon of great beauty, convincing, clear, exalting Jesus as the Author of all life, the central orb of all light.

At 7.30 p. m., the last of the dedicatory services was held. The sermon was by Presiding

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**GIRLS' SCHOOL COATS,**  
\$5 to \$10.

**GIRLS' DRESS UP COATS,**  
\$8 to \$30.

**MISSSES' EVERY DAY CLOAKS,**  
\$6 to \$12.

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\$10 to \$25.

**BOYS' PLAY AND SCHOOL SUITS,**  
\$3.50 to \$8.

**BOYS' DRESS UP SUITS,**  
\$7 to \$14.

**LITTLE BOYS' KILT OVERCOATS,**  
\$4 to \$14.

**BOYS' REEFERS,**  
\$6, \$8 & \$12.

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It is luxury refined and compounded. The dream of Sybarites reduced to earthly form and shape.

It is a household god. It belongs with your Lares and Penates.

You will grow to love it as a member of your family.

Adopt it to-day and let it grow old with you. Always when tired it will soothe and comfort you.

In your old age the children or grand-children will want it as a special legacy. Such a chair is a Family Heirloom.

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**LIBERAL HOUSE FURNISHERS,**  
827 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON, MASS.,  
OFFER THE FOLLOWING SUGGESTIONS:

There are two ways to make money. One is to earn it; the other is to save it.

There are two ways of saving money. When you save a dollar by putting it in the bank you do well; but when you save a dollar by shrewd purchasing you do better. The first is saving; the second is in reality earning.

So there are two ways of earning money. By labor and by wise purchasing.

LET US SAY A WORD ABOUT PURCHASING.

There are a few sound facts that the public are beginning to learn. What are they?

THE FIRST THING to learn in order to become a successful purchaser is that price means nothing till you see the goods. The fact that Chamber Sets cost \$2 in one store and \$15 in another tells you nothing. The \$25 set is perhaps worth \$30 while the \$15 set may not be worth carrying away.

Goods may be too cheap sometimes. Price doesn't tell the whole story. Either know the goods or know the dealer. If he is a liberal furnisher his reputation as such has gone abroad. People find out. His trade increases, his store has to be enlarged, and when at last you learn it covers ten acres, why, it means something. It tells the whole story of his business methods. It shows that people have discovered his liberal ways and taken advantage of them. It points you the direction for your next purchase.

PEOPLE OFTEN ASK US IF IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE? It does if you have got genuine bargains. The man who advertises largely shows his own large confidence in his goods.

A SECOND PRECEPT in successful purchasing is that the best is cheapest in the end. Many people who have never visited our warehouses have the idea that only cheap goods are sold by houses who sell on the credit system as well as for cash. That is a great mistake.

Remember there is a difference between **CHEAP GOODS** and **GOODS CHEAP**. Go elsewhere for cheap goods; but come here for goods cheap. The man who sells cheap goods sells his customers also. We are not in that line of business.

The public are beginning to understand the difference. Our establishment of ten acres shows this. It speaks very plainly.

A PURCHASE BY PARTIAL PAYMENTS

is a savings bank, a good resolution, and the means of keeping it—all in one. It is the beginning of a successful career for it is the formation of a wise habit of saving.

Visitors to Boston are interested in our **WHITE TEAMS** which they meet on every side. They are a part of our **WHITE BUSINESS METHODS**. The goods are sold on white principles and they are white goods always.

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WILL SAVE IN REPAIRS ONE DOLLAR  
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THE ONLY EXCLUSIVE FUR STORE  
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ARE IN SUCH DEMAND.

First, they are ABSOLUTELY PERFECT. Second, they are DELICIOUSLY TO THE EYE. Third, they are PLEASING to the FORM. Fourth, they are A JOY TO THE WEARER. DO NOT FAIL TO EXAMINE OUR STOCK BEFORE PURCHASING.

**E. B. SEARS,**  
39 and 41 Summer Street, BOSTON.